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Atlantic Ocean, R. M. S. "Bothnia,"
St. Mark's Day, 1883.

THE first day at sea! who can describe the novelty of the situation or picture the shifting scenes of the highly colored panorama! all within bustling and busy; all without unchangeable and tireless. Our steward says the sea is so smooth that he scarcely knows the ship is moving. But far otherwise does it seem to me. We started out on one of the most glorious mornings I have ever known; the sun shining in its strength, the ocean a sapphire sea covered with a thousand snowy crests, laughing and leaping with delight. Now up, now down, our good ship rears and plunges, a splendid witness to the skill of man and the overruling Hand of God. We have one hundred and eighty-four saloon passengers, and with the sailors, waiters, officers, &c., I judge we do not carry more than two hundred and fifty souls. We have spent the entire day on deck and taken a good deal of exercise, so that by this time (9 P. M.) everyone is pretty well played out, and all seem to be lounging around "in durance vile," as the evening hours wear away.

April 26th.—At the end of the second day at sea I reach the conclusion that only the courageous and energetic should attempt a sea-voyage; nor can I conceive how one in search only of pleasure can support this life of enforced inactivity and searching introspection. Again we wend our way to the saloon to chronicle the day's doings. This long narrow hall, which serves as dining-room, parlor, music and sitting-room is very bright and attractive; the four long tables running the length of it are covered with bright crimson cloths, while brightly burnished lamps, brackets full of different colored glasses and pictures between the port-holes produce a very pretty general effect. We have had another lovely day, and spent the whole of it in the open air on deck, taking walks after each meal and at various intervals. We saw two ships pass each other this morning, on the horizon, about twelve miles distant from us. A trifling, but well-written and racy little book—"The Eleventh Commandment"—has carried

me across some pretty hard places to-day; it is certainly the very thing for a voyage.

April 27th.—We have had another nice day, half cloudy, half sunshiny. While sitting on deck we spied a sea-gull and knew that land must be near. We were in fact passing the Banks of Newfoundland and the wind grew colder and colder until it was bitter. Our ship makes thirteen knots an hour, which is considered fast time. Our fellow-passengers are entertaining and amusing in their way.

Saturday Night, April 28th—To-day we saw the smoke of a ship on the extreme edge of the horizon, and my sister N. saw the head of a sea-serpent. In the afternoon a dense cloud covered the waters, and the fog-horn sounded at frequent intervals with a melancholy boom. It seems as though we were never going to get beyond the Banks of Newfoundland, for the fog, as well as the cold weather of yesterday and the sea-gull, are all accounted for by this proximity. It is said that one can get a clearer view of life during a sea-voyage than in any other way, and certainly during the monotonous hours of this gray day, sky and sea melting into each other, we have been left to our own thoughts, and it will not be for lack of opportunity should no conclusions be reached.

Monday, April 30th.—Yesterday, the first Sunday on board, was a much happier day than we had reason to anticipate. At 10:30 a. m. the ringing of a bell summoned all to attend Divine Service in the saloon. Many responded, and of these, more men than women. Many of the sailors were present. The English service was used, and for the first time we prayed for the Queen and all the Royal Family of England. Never before have I realized the bond of our common ancestry—"enlinking us to England's hope—the church we hold so dear." The Rev Mr. Everest read the service and then spoke from the text: "He led them by the right way that He might bring them to a city of habitation." It was a comforting little discourse. The music in which all joined was very sweet; one of the most interesting ladies on board accompanying on the piano. Afterwards we spent some time on deck, where to our great distress many lounged, reading novels. The sea grew very rough towards night and rain fell. To-day the sun has shone brightly, but the wind has been so high as to render the day rather unpleasant. It is said that eight sails were seen to-day, and of these I saw four—those nearest us were brigs or sailing vessels, one of them bearing freight to Quebec. My sisters have made several pleasant acquaintances, but I have not been so fortunate.

St. Philip and St. James' Day. While sitting on deck this morning two of the gentlemen came up and asked if we would assist in giving a concert for the benefit of the seamen's orphanage in Liverpool. We promised that we would if able, but an adverse wind has given the

ship good work to do to-day and it has been almost impossible to get around, so that the prospects for playing are not very bright. I am much interested in the life of the sailors, stewards, waiters, &c.—they are so cheerful, hopeful and willing to do anything for the passengers' comfort, and their life must be such a hard one. Yesterday we saw the sailors climb the ladders of ropes and take in the sails—a splendid specimen of physical daring, and, being for a purpose, a grand sight.

Friday, May 4th—Yesterday was the Feast of the Ascension, and often did our thoughts wander to the sweet service that faithful hearts were holding on land. Last night occured the grand entertainment in which everybody's energy seemed to culminate. It consisted in vocal and instrumental music, recitations and speeches. N. played the "Erl King" splendidly and A. and I came out well with Chopin's Polonaise Brillante, upon which we were highly complimented. Captain Dwyer, the beau of the ship and master of ceremonies, presented each lady with an oleander—*i. e.*, ingeniously made from beets and turnips. The sailor's stump speech was the most curious feature of the occasion. Where he could have acquired the knowledge displayed in his ridiculous jokes is mysterious. As a finale all joined in singing one verse of "God Save the Queen" and one of "My Country 'tis of Thee." The saloon was crowded and loud and long was the applause. To-day to our great joy we reached Queenstown. When we came on deck this morning and saw the Irish coast the sensation was unique; the sight of land seemed unnatural and almost monstrous. A little steamboat came up to us at noon; we stopped, exchanged mails, a few passengers, &c.; saw Queenstown in the distance, though hail and rain soon put a stop to this, and in a few minutes we resumed our way, pushing at an exasperatingly slow rate on to Liverpool. One of the boys on board has just given me some Irish cowslips and forget-me-nots, and they are lovely.

London, Midland Grand Hotel, May 5th.—I do not know that I could possibly be more buoyant than at present, for the whole day has been such a delightful one. As we left the Bothnia and descended into the tug, a letter from our dear friend, Miss B., was handed me, saying that she would try to be with us to-night. It seemed like an earnest of pleasure. When we landed at Liverpool and went into the waiting-room I felt the full force of the novel surroundings. A. and N. went out in search of our business agent, and while I was keeping guard over our satchels, he came up, and inquired for Miss Trail. The Liverpool wharves seem to be endless and all without was (typically) dull, dreary, chilly, dirty and foggy. Into the Custom House to have our baggage examined was the next step. The officer only opened the sea-trunk, glanced at the surface and let us pass on our way; but some gentlemen's trunks were subjected to a most cruel overhauling. We

then rode through Liverpool and thought the city an odd combination of Baltimore and Cincinnati; saw St. George's Hall, a large public building in an open square, on either side of which are bronze statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, both on horse-back. The ride from Liverpool to London was perfectly delightful. The green fields, neat little houses and blossoming trees were a charming sight to eyes long tired by the monotonous waves. Our young courier bought us a delicious lunch, papers, &c., and as he is an American and has been over here three years, gave us some valuable suggestions as to the disposal of our time. Rugby and Nuneaton were the most interesting places that we passed. Reaching London at 3:30, during a short ride to the hotel, we saw very little of this great city; the most noticeable object being the Church of St. Pancras, built like a Greek temple, colossal caryatides supporting the entablature. The Midland itself is an immense gothic structure with an imposing stair-way, marble pillars, palatial appartments and over all an air of great formality.

Monday, May 7th.—After returning to our room from our first Table d' Hôte, Saturday evening, we found Miss B. looking very well and bright. As she wished to go out and buy a pair of gloves before the shops closed, we agreed to go with her. The streets were pretty well filled with people of all ages and all descriptions and we had a rather exciting time trying to keep together. Sunday morning we started off for Westminster Abbey, crossing the Thames Embankment and seeing Somerset House (erected in 1786 and now used for public offices), the Houses of Parliament, Waterloo Bridge, the London School, (opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, December 12, 1882, and a strikingly beautiful building), Westminster Hall, the Victoria Tower, the Cleopatra's Needle, (erected September, 1878), and a cast of the Sphinx. But all objects of interest pale before the wondrous Abbey, the home of England's illustrious dead, for 1,200 years the site of a Christian church, around which associations of world-wide splendor hover and abide; the shrine sacred to the memory of genius, an earnest of man's immortality and a trophy snatched from the very hand of the King of Terrors. We entered some time after the service had commenced and were conducted by the stereotyped beadle in gown and staff to a seat in a transept, cutting us off from any real participation in the service. People were coming in and going out all the time as if visiting an art gallery, and to us Americans, bred in the Puritanism of a primitive people, the incongruity of this double worship was almost shocking. Dean Bradley, the present Dean of the Abbey, preached the sermon, and my sister N., who had a better seat than the rest of us, said his discourse did not compare favorably with those of our own beloved rector at home. We sat near mural tablets in memoriam of musical composers and naval heroes, in the distance a bust of

the immoral Dryden appearing, and a group turned from us, showing only the name of Flaxman, tantalizing us with the prospect of its beauty. After the sermon the congregation slowly withdrew, parents pointing out noteworthy monuments to their children. Only a handful of the humble poor remained to partake of the Holy Communion and all collected in the main aisle before the altar. To me it was a glorious privilege, not only, as it always is, in a spiritual point of view, but to enter into the very heart-history of the life of the Abbey and breathe the atmosphere consecrated by so many faithful prayers. The painting behind the altar is rich and gorgeous, and over the margin is written "The Kingdoms of this World are become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ," under the circumstances certainly a statement of doubtful interpretation, when we remember Him who said: "My Kingdom is not of this World." In our more agreeable seats we discovered that the sermon must have been directed to a body of young men, who, strange to say, were dressed in full ball costume, not excepting beautiful button-hole bouquets. After service we walked through the Cloisters, now crumbling and decaying before the rude hand of time. Scarcely a step can be taken without passing a tomb, monument, or tablet of some kind, for the very floor is paved with them. One of these slabs records the death of the Wesley family, and on another is written: "Under this stone are supposed to lie the bones of twenty-six monks who died of the Black Death in 1394." Both the interior and exterior of the Abbey are more defaced and time-worn than I expected to find them, but the architecture remains intact and is very stately and grand. It was very hard to be obliged to leave after such a mere glimpse of its greatness. Coming out, we stopped to notice the bronze statue of Beaconsfield which was only unveiled two weeks ago. It must be a true portrait, for it represents a vain, shallow, unmanly character. In the same square are statues of the great and good Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Derby. It will always be interesting to remember that we arrived in London on the eve of the passage of the "Affirmation Bill," over which the nation has been much excited, by three votes excluding infidels from Parliament. Returning to the hotel we found Mrs. W. and her daughter, friends of my sister B. inquiring for us. After a very pleasant chat with them and lunch we went to the afternoon service at St. Paul's. It is a great change from Westminster. The service was held beneath the dome and the music was the most beautiful I ever heard. The angelic voices of the boy choristers seemed to float down from Heaven itself. We had the treat of hearing Dr. Stainer, the greatest living organist. The sermon was by Canon Stubbs and was appropriate to the Sunday after Ascension Day. The congregation consisted only of the plainest, poorest kind of people, many of whom slept during the sermon, and a

mother and son near us were both intoxicated. On retiring, we noticed the magnificent monument to the Duke of Wellington, the bronze figure lying in a mighty catafalque. But as I have never been able to get up any admiration for the Iron Duke, I did not linger before his tomb. The chapel opposite is used for daily morning prayer. These churches within a church are so strange and foreign to our ideas that we cannot get used to them. The ceremony and formality here are also very distasteful to us. I cannot imagine a greater incentive to intellectual ambition than a visit to these churches; they appeal to all the worldly pride and vanity that one can foster. During the drive back we saw Gray's Inn, where Dr. Johnson lived, and in the neighborhood of which Lord Bacon wore away the painful period of his disgrace. To-day we started out in a pouring rain at 10 A. M., and leaving Miss B., proceeded to Half-Moon St., where Mrs. W. and her daughter have their apartments. Madge accompanied us to South Kensington Museum, on the way pointing out Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, the beautiful and aristocratic homes in Piccadilly, Regent's Park and the Natural History Museum–the handsomest building we have seen yet, as dust and smoke have not had time to turn it dark. South Kensington is an immense building and contains so much that one scarcely knows how to divide the attention. On entering, we stopped to notice the Swiss painted glass, of which the distinct figures and rich coloring were beautiful. The arms of Queen Anne—upright lions protecting an enormous shield, in wood carving, were noticeable. This lower floor contained old inlaid furniture of seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; a curious carved pulpit from a mosque at Cairo, &c. There is a long corridor with windows of stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There are many interesting works of sculpture here: Baily's Eve; a collosal Marius; Babes in the Woods in exquisite white marble by John Bell; Ajax, crying for light; a bust of Mrs. Jameson on a pedestal inscribed with the most beautiful tribute I ever read. The Architectural Court was the largest, and here are facsimiles of the most famous carvings in the world; the Choir Stalls at Ulm; St. Sebald's Tomb at Nuremburg; Trajan's Column, in two parts, and finest of all, the Chimney-piece from the Palais de Justice at Bruges in which the elaborate, intricate and delicate tracery is marvelous. Occupying the entire wall of the South End Gallery is a magnificent fresco called the "Arts of War," by Sir F. Leighton, representing in brilliant colors the enthusiasts of the fourteenth century testing implements of war, trying on armour, &c., with an infinite variety of attitudes and expressions. The side walls are divided into thirty-six alcoves containing portraits, in mosaic, of eminent artists. I noticed those of Fra Angelico, Donatello, Leonardo, Raphael, Torrigiano and Michael Angelo. In passing through the numerous halls

we saw a Bronze of a Sacred Being destined to become a Buddha (intended for a man, but with a sweetness of expression thoroughly womanly, shining through features of gigantic proportions) from Japan, and Chinese coral bowls exquisitely carved. In the Jones collection we noticed a portrait of Marie Antoinette at the age of seventeen, very sweet; exquisite Sévrès porcelain vases, plates, &c., and miniatures of Mme. de Sévigné, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mme. de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Queen Elizabeth, Mary of Scots and many others. The praises of the first two in French Literature must be exaggerated, for their portraits are not pretty. The paintings in the Sheepshanks Collection were very fine. Il Penseroso by Cope—a lovely girl looking up with "the star-like sorrow of immortal eyes;" the Taming of the Shrew; Florizel and Perdita (both with the most open, frank, ingenuous faces); Autolycus, crying "Who'll Buy" were most interesting. I was particularly fascinated with a scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and one from "Les Femmes Savantes"—Tricotrin reading his Sonnet. Pictures of Portia, Griselda and Portia with Bassanio were perfectly lovely. Several of Turner's best pictures are here: Venice; St. Michael's Mount; Vessel in Distress off Yarmouth were fine. After much searching, walking and questioning we at last reached the goal of our desires and stood before the grand Cartoons of Raphael, the treasures of the Museum and the victory of Christianity in Art. Each separate one is a drama; so marvelous is the action expressed in every form and feature. The figures are larger than life and the colors are still brilliant. All seven are wonderful, but my favorite was Paul and Barnabas refusing the homage at Lystra. I must not forget to record that we took lunch in the beautiful Refreshment Rooms of the Museum, the stained glass, bas-reliefs of frieze and daedo being by English artists. There are also wonderful casts and models of Italian and Belgic works here for the benefit of those who cannot get to the Continent. This morning we had the inestimable privilege of going to the British Museum. My impatience to see the Elgin marbles was so great that I could not look at anything else as we passed through room after room, and so I missed the Rosetta Stone, which my sisters saw. At last we reached the repository of the most famous specimens of Art the world has ever seen or will ever see—the Parthenon, over which Phidias and Pericles rejoiced and gloried—the expression not of an estheticism but of a pure and lofty passion, and yet a passion free from dross, intense in its individuality and yet destined to express nationality,—who can show forth all it praise? We turned from the monstrosities of Egypt to the symetrical forms, perfect proportions and faultless faces of Greece and we could not have viewed the latter from a better stand-point. In the Eastern Pediment the figure of Theseus is almost perfect and far grander then the photographs

and cuts indicate. Iris, hastening to announce the birth of Athene (in which rigid marble is made to set forth rapid motion), Niké, the Three Fates and the horses' heads reveal that passionless, heroic, exalted conception of Art which none but the Greeks ever entertained. The impersonality, the serenity, the intellectual freedom in which that great people rejoiced still characterize their wondrous works and explain their superiority over all other sculptors. The figures of the Western Pediment are much mutilated, but the metopes (in very high relief) and the frieze arranged in order around the room are well preserved and distinct. There are other Hellenic works scattered through this and the adjoining rooms: the Hermes by Praxiteles; two statues representing an athlete winding a diadem around his head after the Diadumenos of Polykleitos and a Roman copy of the Discobolus of Alkamenes, busts of Pericles, Æschines and the exquisite figure of Demeter, in which melancholy is more beautiful than mirth could possibly be. We also saw the Phigalian marbles of the Temple of Apollo representing the mysterious invasion of the Amazons We examined the Lycian Ionic Temple, known as the Nereid Monument. One feels awe-struck in looking on the very works which existed more than 2,200 years ago. The Indian Sculptures of the Buddhist Tope were curious and beautiful, and the Egyptian collection here is incomparable. There were several young girls and young men copying the great works in crayon. The British Museum is the most magnificent place for study that I have ever seen; it is impossible not to feel a noble envy of those who have frequent access to its treasures.

On Monday when returning from South Kensington Museum we walked through Kensington Gardens, saw Hyde Park and the fashionable equipages dashing into its broad roads, and had a view of the recently completed Albert Memorial, a thoroughly modern and most magnificent monument. The gilded figure of the Prince sits in a canopy rising to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, this canopy being gorgeously frescoed and gilded. Around the base there are one hundred and sixty statues of illustrious men in alto-relievo, while at the four corners of the square are groups of sculpture symbolically representing America, Europe, Asia and Africa, the animal of the first, a buffalo; of the second, a bull; of the third, an elephant and of the fourth, a camel. Opposite this monument is the Albert Hall, a circular grand Opera House.

Thursday, May 10th.—On Tuesday night the other members of our party arrived at the Midland, and next morning we started out with Dr. H., Mr. and Miss L.—the new-comers delivering themselves entirely to our guidance. We rode through Trafalgar Square, in the centre of which towers the lofty shaft crowned by the figure of Nelson, which pierces the clouds. There are other fine statues in the square

and two bronze lions at the entrance which look as if they might get up and walk around when they felt like it. Just in front of all this grandeur there is a little equestrian statue of Charles I, whose weak face looks pitiful in this vicinity. This is the site of Queen Eleanor's Cross and the place of the execution of the Regicides. We went then to the National Gallery. It was our first sight of a fine collection of the great masters, and we were enchanted. On the ground floor, covering one side of the room, was a most curious painting titled "The Worship of Bacchus" by Cruikshank; the one picture was made up of many small ones, showing the temptations, orgies and effects of that worship. A portrait of Benjamin West by himself and a dark weird landscape by Salvator Rosa completed the number here. Up-stairs—the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca by Claude was lovely; an extended and serene landscape with gracious, joyous figures in the fore-ground, all distinct and richly colored. The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba with its oriental, golden light was charming. Two tender, brown-eyed girls by Greuze were lovely. A Sun-rise, and Dido building Carthage by Turner, Guido's Ecce Homo and Magdalen—though too faded and washed out, very striking in expression; the Adoration of the Magi by Paolo Veronese; Guido's Youthful Christ and St. John, a perfect work, and Carlo Dolce's Madonna and Child cannot soon be forgotten. But what long and laborious initiation it requires to take in the beauties of a work of art in a short time and so impress them on the mental camera as to carry away a distinct recollection! The room containing works of the Dutch School was interesting. The Apotheosis of William the Silent by Rubens in which the hero is carried by angels up to the very Throne of Heaven, and over all a haze, giving a vague, shadowy effect is exceedingly odd. Congress of Munster by Terburg in which every face is distinct and individualized was wonderful. Many of these pictures look as if they were printed or stamped and then colored, so exact and precise is every outline. Meeting of Theodosius and St. Ambrose by Vandyck was a fine Historical illustration. Portrait of Christina, Princess of Denmark, by Holbein, showed a poor, freightened little maiden, but sweet and quaint withal. The Brazen Serpent by Rubens giving a clear conception of the wonderful story is grand beyond expression. Several rooms of Frescoes by the Venetian and Flemish Schools, in which the colors are more brilliant than any that we ever see in modern painting, are full of interest. The room devoted to Turner's storms, seas, sun-rises and settings did not attract me. It seems to me he has obstinately insisted upon putting on canvas subjects beyond the province of art and not to be transferred by man. Still, in some specific scenes he has shown himself a master when he chose to be. The Virgin and Child by Leonardo da Vinci, dark, and of a thoroughly Italian cast of countenance, was very beautiful. It is

noticeable that these lovely Madonnas by the Italian masters are evidently portraits of a type of beauty joining the Greek with the Roman, and never betray any semblance to the typical Jewish physiognomy. I did not like Titian's Madonna and Child; it was too sombre and lifeless. His Rape of Ganymede—the figure on the back of an enormous eagle was better; and the Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander by Paolo Veronese was splendid; Corregio's Ecce Homo, Raphael's Pope Julius II. (recognized immediately from the steel engravings) Murillo's dark, sweet, subdued Holy Family and a portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez are the master-pieces of the collection. The English rooms were charming, but we had not time to enjoy them. There were two fascinating portraits of Mrs. Siddons, one by Gainsborough and the other by Sir Joshua Reynolds, differing very much from each other. Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself was good. Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple by Benjamin West compared favorably with any work of the Italians. There was a lovely, large picture entitled the Play in Hamlet, in which Ophelia is a lovely, languid blonde and Hamlet a portrait, as my sister thought, of Booth, dark, tragic, gloomy. Landseer's dogs, Reynolds' and Gainsborough's portraits completed the collection. We then hurried off, post-haste, to Whitehall Chapel. It is a dark, ugly building externally, and, after ascending a dark, winding flight of stairs one enters a plain and unprepossessing chapel. The ceiling is frescoed handsomely but it is too dark to decipher. This is all that remains of the famous Palace, and this hall was the banqueting hall of Henry VIII. and here he first met Anne Boleyn. Here Wolsey lived and caroused. From the middle window Charles I. stepped out to die. There is no spot richer in Historical associations.

In the afternoon our whole party at the Midland started out with a young English conductor in a large open vehicle and rode first to Guildhall. In the entrance hall are most magnificent monuments to Pitt, Chatham, Nelson and Beckford. At one end are two colossal figures called Gog and Magog. In the council chamber there was an immense oil-painting of the Murder of Rizio; opposite, a full length portrait of Victoria in her royal robes. Underneath these pictures were beautiful white marble busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the vestibule there was a fine portrait of Mr. Peabody. The basement is used for a Free Library, which was crowded with readers, and the City Museum which contains excavations made in England only, and many interesting fragments of the Roman period. There are full length portraits of William and Mary here. We then rode to the Bank of England, where the pulse of the world can be felt, but we did not see anything of note here and continued our way to the Tower. It is rather a collection of towers and buildings than *a* Tower. We went at once to see the Crown Jewels or Regalia. They are kept in a large

glass case, and there shine and sparkle in unmolested grandeur. Queen Victoria's Crown contains a large ruby said to have been given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile, and worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. Poor Anne Boleyn's Crown excited our interest. I could think of nothing but her unhappy fate while in these awful precincts. Charles II.'s Crown, the pointless sword of mercy, the sceptres, the maces, the gold salt-cellars used at the coronation banquets and other interesting things were in this case. Leaving this room we ascended stairways shrouded in mid-night darkness and found it hard to keep our footing on the steps worn away by the tread of human feet. The armor of the Middle-Ages and Renaissance is displayed ad-infinitum, and in the same hall is the block on which Lord Lovatt was executed, and the axe with which Essex was decapitated; also an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. There are thumb-screws, racks and other instruments of torture preserved here. We saw the corner in which the sons of Edward IV. were murdered, and the alcove in which Edward VI. was found dead. We had but a glance in Beauchamp Tower; saw the queer devices cut in the stone by the unhappy prisoners; that of Scott's Peveril is one of the most distinct; that of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick who died here, one of the most elaborate. In the court we stood on the spot, now marked by a square slate slab, where Anne Boleyn was executed, and opposite Beauchamp is the prison in which Raleigh languished for twelve long years. We could not prevail upon our conductor or the immense "beef eater" who acts as a guide here to take us into the burial ground where Sir Thomas More and the many great ones executed here are buried. Driving on we drew up at St. Paul's just as the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was in full blast. We pushed our way through the immense crowd and found ourselves in time to hear some glorious music rendered by several hundred voices and a full orchestra. To the people the great event was to see the Lord Mayor leave the church and get into his gilded coach. The crowd became greater and greater and as the last strains of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus died away the excitement became intense. Finally the Flunkeys—handsome young men with powdered hair and long tailed coats rushed in, and his eminence attended or rather accompanied by several dignitaries in red velvet and gold lace, left the church. This morning (Thursday) we were anxious to see about making arrangements to accept an invitation to dine at St. Hilda's College, tendered by Miss B. Our conductor failing to keep his appointment we took a cab and went around to his office, feeling very independent. In the afternoon, open carriages drove up and we started on the most charming drive through Hyde Park. Beautiful equipages dashed up and down and there were

some pretty children riding horse-back in Rotten Row. It was the day of the Queen's Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, and great crowds had collected to see the Prince of Wales pass hence to St. James'. This gaping curiosity to see a man so unworthy of a thought disgusted me. Mounted Guards stood at every few paces like statues. St. James Palace is low, dark and ugly. Buckingham is of the prevailing London color,—pale buff—and handsomer. We saw the noble young ladies in their white silks and veils with immense bouquets returning in state from the royal reception. We rode through Pall Mall (which is pronounced Pael Mael), Grosvenor Square, Belgravia, where the aristocracy live, and saw the little narrow, plain row of houses in which Gladstone lives. At last we reached our Mecca and entered Westminster Abbey. In St. Edmund's Chapel we saw a recumbent statue on an altar-tomb of John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, 1334; recumbent statues of Blanche and William, children of Edward III., 1340; an altar tomb over Francis, Duchess of Suffolk, 1563; a mural monument to Lady Jane Seymour, 1560, and in the floor the gravestone of Edward Bulwer Lytton, 1873. It is this very incongruity that renders Westminster so fascinating. Time has no dominion here; it is an everlasting present. In St. Nicholas' Chapel we saw a recumbent figure beneath a recessed arch of Anne, Duchess of Somerset, mother of Queen Jane Seymour and wife of Protector Somerset, 1587; Mildred, wife of the great Lord Burleigh, lying on the sarcophagus with kneeling figures of her son and grand-daughters at the feet. In Henry VII.'s Chapel saw the effigies of Henry and his Queen, Elizabeth of York. Edward VI. is said to be buried under the altar. There is a recumbent effigy and grand sarcophagus all in white marble over Mary, Queen of Scots. Here are buried under bluish slabs with simply the name in gilt letters, Charles II., William III. and Mary, Queen Anne and George II. Farther on there is a recumbent effigy of Queen Elizabeth elevated so high that we could scarcely see the figure. There is no monument or record of Bloody Mary here, but she, James I. and Queen Anne of Denmark are buried here without comment. In an alcove is the gravestone of Lady Augusta Stanley, 1876, and the beautiful memorial window erected by her devoted husband: and here, in the midst of these musty old scenes that he loved so dearly, is the newly-made grave of the good Dean, still covered with tributes of affection. In St. Paul's chapel the most interesting thing was a colossal statue of James Watt, 1819, looking very singular among the old tablets and recumbent figures. In St. Erasmus' chapel we saw the tomb of J. Islip, Abbot of Westminster, 1532. In St. John the Evangelist's chapel there is a beautiful bust and mural pedestal with most touching inscription to Sir John Franklin; a colossal statue of Sarah Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and a monument to Lady Nightingale,

representing the skeleton Death starting from the tomb to seize the young wife of twenty in her husband's arms. On the south side of the choir we saw the tomb of King Sebert, whose bones were found preserved after the lapse of seven hundred years. On the north side saw statue of Gen. Wolfe, supported and surrounded by various figures. In Poet's corner we saw profile medallion of Thomas Gray, bust on pedestal of Dryden, bust of Southey, statue of Campbell, statue of Shakespeare leaning over a scroll and pointing to the words from the "Tempest": "The cloud-capped towers," &c; tablet to Nicholas Rowe and his daughter Charlotte; medallion of Gay with "Life is a jest," &c. Goldsmith and Addison, who often wandered here, and have written so charmingly of the Abbey, are remembered. There is a bust of Grote, monument to Handel, splendid monument to Chatham, "under whose administration Providence raised Great Britain to an unexampled height of prosperity and glory;" anarchy and history, symbolized as women, stand below the great speaker. There are gravestones over Dickens, Fox, Grattan, Pitt and Livingstone I must not forget the Coronation chairs (plain stone arm-chairs), the one in which all English sovereigns, since Edward I., have been crowned, and the other made for the joint coronation of William and Mary. Under the first, the guide told us, was the famous Scone stone, on which Scottish kings, from time immemorial, were crowned, and which originally was Jacob's pillow. There seemed to be many Americans going around that day, and of course this was received with open and undisguised ridicule. We saw the chamber in which the sovereigns robe themselves for coronation, and the exceedingly small one in which the ceremony takes place. During this afternoon's ride we had again the opportunity to get out and see the Albert Memorial, and I hailed it with delight, as I had not examined the bas-relief statues. They were all portrait-statues, and most intensely interesting to me. Those that I now remember were Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Tasso, Ariosto, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven, Puget, Gerard, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Vernet, Van Iyck, Virgil, Byron, Claude, Rubens, Raphæl, Michæl Angelo, Corregio, only one woman among the 160 figures, and that was Nitocris — the fair and learned Egyptian. Every one occupies a different attitude, and excites a separate interest. We three sisters then left the party and went on the underground railway to Hampstead to dine with Miss B.; had no difficulty in finding Westfield, and soon were ushered in the dearest little house I ever saw. St Hilda's College is an infant institution of the profoundest interest and widest bearings — a school preparatory to matriculation at the University of London, whose examinations are more rigid than any in the United Kingdom. We went at once to dinner, and met ten

or eleven charming English ladies. Miss Maynard, the Principal, is, without exception, the loviest and most attractive person I ever saw. She was the first woman to take the Degree for Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. The establishment consists of two houses on the cottage order, furnished most tastefully and conveniently. The windows throughout have stained glass, the furniture is small and ebonized, and it is the abode of intelligent and refined people. The students were as jolly, full of life and fun, as it is possible to be, and the tea, made in Miss B.'s room, was perfectly delightful. We took a cab and rode at 9½ P. M. back to the hotel, very proud of the entire achievement.

Friday—We have spent the whole day at Windsor Castle and a most charming day it has been! We were joined by Mr. and Mrs. S. and with Mr. B. as our guide and leader set off in high spirits. During the journey we made the acquaintance of a pleasant English lady who asked us many questions about our country. As soon as we arrived at Windsor we ascended a hill to enjoy the view of Eton and in the distance Stoke-pogis. The Thames winding along like a silvery thread through the green meadows, the woods and blue hills beyond, the little churches, college buildings, &c., make up a very lovely landscape. We were taken then to the Albert Memorial Chapel, in which the Queen has tried to show what she thought worthy of her royal consort. This is a dazzling testimony. There is not an inch of the interior that does not claim attention. It is a mass of mosaics, frescoes, precious stones, gold, marble and stained glass. The walls are covered with pictures of Bible scenes mournful and appropriate in character and these are colored etchings in marble and give a peculiarly beautiful, pale effect. Above these are pure white marble busts of the royal children, very sweet and innocent. Between the pictures are panels of flowers and texts in richest mosaics and precious stones. The Sarcophagus and effigy of Albert in armor with a faithful dog at his feet in whitest marble is a magnificent monument. The angels and mourners on the base are beautiful, and on each side are the words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." The Altar-piece of the Risen Christ kneeling and pointing upward with one hand which shows the print of the nails, and with angels on each side is exquisite. St. George's Chapel is full of interest. It is made gorgeous by the banners bearing coats of arms, which here are new and fresh while in Westminster they are dreadfully dingy and tattered. What in the world these had to do with a church I was unable to discover, but have just been informed by my sister that they are the banners of the Knights of the Garter and each one hangs above the stall which the Knight occupies. Here are buried Henry VIII, Jane Seymour and Charles I. The stained glass is very rich and beautiful and the carv-

ing elaborate. In an alcove is a monument as lovely as it is pathetic, to the poor young Prince Imperial, the inscription making him say that he died cherishing a profound regard for the Queen of England and gratitude towards the English people. We were taken through the Royal Stables and Carriage Houses and admired all duly; finishing up with a long drive through Windsor Park, in the middle of which we left the carriages and took a long, long walk by Virginia Water to see the Ruins of Carthage, set up in a most picturesque spot and looking very romantic. While sweeping through the stately avenues of Windsor our carriages were suddenly stopped by an outrider to make way for a very plain close carriage. Many of us scarcely gave it a glance, but my sister N. looking in, saw the Queen herself, taking her daily airing. We saw the fine bronze statue of George III. on Snow-hill and the Mausoleum in which the remains of the Prince Consort rest. It was 10 P. M. when we reached the Midland.

PARIS, May 12th.—Sustained by the thought of returning to London, we managed to tear ourselves away. On the way to the depot, we saw the magnificent General Postoffice, the impenetrable exterior of Newgate, in the Old Bailey, Furnival's Inn, St. Martins-in-the Fields and many other interesting old churches. A rather rough railway ride brought us to Folkestone. The most interesting feature of this was the passing through Chislehurst, where the desolate ex-Empress wears away the weary hours of her unhappy destiny. From the train at Folkestone we stepped at once on the boat for Boulogne, now escorted by our Italian Conductor, Mr. Daziano. It had been raining for some time, and the channel was unusually rough, so that we had not been on a moment before we began to plunge up and down desperately, while the deck was covered with water. All were obliged to go below, and I was soon affected by the intolerable swell and suffered severely, being for the first time out and out sea-sick. Many men, stretched out like corpses, groaned and cried aloud with the pain. We all hailed land with delight. I will never forget my impressions on landing in France. The people seemed to be acting, and the language sounded lovely after the harsh, discordant voices of the English. The ride from Boulogne to Paris was through a wild and uncultivated country, and only marked by a lunch at Amiens, when we came near losing our train. Paris, bright, beautiful and dazzling, was not reached until 9 P. M. I enjoyed the ride to the Hotel de Malte, and am about to retire, while all the others have gone out to haunt the café's and arcades for a few moments at least.

MAY 14th.—After the rain and fog of England, we think we never have seen the sun shine as it does here. Yesterday being Sunday, four of us attended the American Episcopal church in Rue Bayard, and as it was Whitsun Day, we heard a most beautiful and helpful sermon,

from the gifted rector. On leaving the church I was confronted by one of my brother's friends living here, Mr. R., and joined by others of our party we all walked back through the Champs Elysées and Le Jardin des Tuileries, now in all their glory, and more beautiful than any pen can describe. Magnificently mounted statues and sculptured groups are scattered regularly through the grounds, among others the celebrated representation of the Nile. On our homeward way we stopped in the Madeline. It occupies a magnificent position, and, externally, is a worthy representation of the Parthenon. The interior is harmonious and striking. Service was in process, and the altars blazed with lights. At each altar, through the length of the church (which is only lighted from above) there is a colossal, pure white marble statue, and the grand altar-piece is a group entitled the Assumption, standing out without background. The fresco above this represents great men, among whom Napoleon is prominent, seated around the Throne in Heaven. Red satin hangings, gold vases, profusions of flowers and grand paintings made the scene dazzling The organ rolled out its richest chords, and the priests, loaded with red velvet and gold lace cloaks, chanted in most sonorous strains. The devotion of the worshippers seemed sincere, and many were of a respectable and interesting aspect. This morning Mr. R. called at 10 o'clock to act as our cicerone for the day. After a good view of the Hotel de Ville (which, destroyed by the Commune in '71, is now being splendidly rebuilt), we descended the steps of Notre Dame. There is no temptation to question its antiquity. It is dingy, tawdry and gloomy, and so immense that one feels completely lost while wandering from altar to altar. We were taken in a side chamber and shown the heirlooms and treasures of the Cathedral; the cloak worn by Napoleon at his coronation here: sacred gold vessels used by various kings and presented by others — some being given by Marie Antoinette; the robes worn by the priests at the Baptism of the Prince Imperial, which were gorgeous with precious stones, and far exceeded anything of the kind we had ever seen. There were also relics of the Archbishop Affré, killed by the Commune. Mr. R. then took us to the Morgue, and we actually saw two bodies exposed — a most frightful sight, but *too* horrible to seem at all real. We enjoyed a visit to the Musée de Cluny, dating from 1480, and containing a curious collection of carvings, tapestry, glass, porcelain, arms, the gorgeous state carriages of Louis XIV., &c., &c. The jaw-bone of Moliere is kept carefully under a glass case. After this we all went to the Pantheon, the exterior of which is magnificent. On the pediment are the words: "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante;" but there are monuments here to very few great men, and of these few none are those whom the world has agreed to call truly great, though I myself believe that Voltaire was permitted

to be one of the greatest benefactors mankind has ever known. There were workmen of all descriptions engaged in the interior, and we did not have an opportunity to walk around much, but gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the magnificent frescoes, which are bright and beautiful copies of Raphæl's Stanze by the brothers Balze. I cannot remember the subjects distinctly, and fear I did not make the proper effort, allowing myself to be too much absorbed and dazzled by the temporary pleasure. As we rode away we had a fine view of the noble bronze, equestrian statue of Henri IV., which adorns one of the bridges crossing the Seine. There is so much dignity and manliness about it, one cannot but believe he was worthy of trust and confidence. By the time we reached the hotel we were very, very tired, and glad to spend the few remaining hours of the day in our rooms.

Tuesday, May 15th.—Another exquisite day, which we determined to make the best of, and immediately after breakfast seated ourselves in pretty and comfortable coupés to drive in the Bois de Boulogne. From our hotel we passed through the Place de la Concorde, the Jardin des Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, and dashing beneath the shadow of the glorious Arc de l'Etoile found ourselves in the fashionable drive of the world's gayest city. At first I should think no American could fail to be somewhat disappointed, especially in the trees and the perfectly flat landscape. But we enjoyed seeing the many different vehicles and riders of every respect, and the roads being level, all dash along madly. The artificial water-works were not playing, but we stopped to enjoy the little green hillock, against the side of which the rocks are heaped up for the water to flow over. As we neared the brilliant café, one of our party — Mr. L. — kindly suggested that we should rest and take some ices. As it was about 11 A. M., the Parisians were taking their "Déjeuner à la fourchette," and every one seemed to enjoy the inviting viands spread out on the snowy tablets, both inside and outside of the building. After another nice drive on the outskirts of the park, where the road is lined with elegant villas — making the nearest approach to home life of any houses we have seen in Paris — we alighted at the Palace of the Trocadero — the remaining building of the last Universal Exhibition held here. The colonade forms an amphitheatre over four hundred feet in circumference, and the site of the Palace is an elevated plateau, so that the view of the city is superb, while below, in the Champs de Mars, the view of the Tracadero is just as fine in its way. It contains a permanent museum which promises to be very interesting. There are some fine fragments in marble, portions of the grand old French cathedrals of the Dark and Middle Ages, and tombs in white marble with recumbent effigies — many of celebrated personages. There are also numerous casts, one of Catherine de Medici's interested me much. To

my surprise the chin was retrusé, and the whole face very weak. Our next stopping place was before the Hotel des Invalides — at the sidewalk, as a high iron railing prevents carriages from entering. A gravel walk leads up to the imposing entrance, and soon we found ourselves in one of the most solemn of all spots on earth. Directly under the Dome is a circular balustrade of white marble, which one soon perceives forms an opening in the floor of the church. Around this gallery everyone leans and looks down. There, shrined in a mighty sarcophagus of dark brown granite, which is elevated on several foundations, and seems large enough to contain the bodies of at least ten men, rests the handful of ashes which were once animated by the spirit of Napoleon. Could anything so preach the vanity of all earthly things as this tomb? There is something terribly mournful and solemn about it. One feels as if in the immediate presence of death, while in Westminster there is not the slightest consciousness of this. Around the floor of the tomb there is a wreath of laurel wound with royal purple in mosaics, and within this circle is another on which are the names of the most celebrated battles — separated by stars — Wagram, Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo, &c. Against the walls of the crypt, and facing the tomb, are twelve pure white statues of colossal women by Pradier. Almost every one of them holds a bay or laurel branch, as if to cast it on the tomb. They are severely beautiful, and seem to say, "All, *all* is over." In the intervening spaces hang clusters of the tattered, dusty, faded flags which have known so many bloody conflicts. Behind the altar is the entrance to the crypt, and above the bronze door (on either side of which stand bronze caryatides holding the globe sceptre and imperial crown) are the words of Napoleon's last will: "Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple Francais que j'ai tant aimé." It is the absence of name and date that lends such an incomparable grandeur to this monument, I believe. In this vestibule behind the altar there are monuments dedicated to Marshals Duroc and Bertrand, who never swerved in their fidelity or love. This high altar alluded to is very beautiful; ten white marble steps mark the ascent, and I will never forget how the sun streamed through the lofty windows and glorified the brilliant gilding, the spiral columns of bluish black marble and the gorgeous frescoes. Turenne and Vauban are buried here in beautiful white marble tombs, as well as other members of the Bonaparte family, all in alcoves which have no connection with the one great tomb. Near the entrance to the church is a little bit of a house, and here are sold photographs of these memorable scenes. Very poor, and rather untidy people seem to eke out an existence in this way. As we continued our ride on this side of the Seine the fascinating exterior of the Bon Marché arrested our atten-

tion, and, going in, we enjoyed the privilege of selecting some of the many pretty little things spread before us in such fine array. Here we all separated and agreed to meet again in the Louvre. We sisters felt very strange indeed when we entered the immense court of the Louvre alone. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the rich external decoration of this vast Palace. Symbolical figures, sculptured in high relief, adorn the entablature of its whole length; while full length statues of great men stand above the roof and in every possible niche. The entire building is of the same color throughout — the limestone having turned from white to a clear gray. Though I know very little of architecture, it seems to me this decoration is too heavy to be beautiful; but it is certainly impressive enough to be grand. We soon saw that there was no possible way of discovering, unaided, the one out of the fifteen museums we wished to enter, and accosted a refined and intelligent looking young Frenchman. He fully sustained the national reputation for courtesy, did not hesitate to recross the river with us, and after flattering us, by implying that we had the air of students, left us to proceed safely on our way. We first entered the Salle des Séances, containing the Collection Lacaze. It is a beautiful, long, narrow hall, and contains the following fine paintings: several lovely heads of children and young girls by Greuze; a portrait of a lady (dreamy and fanciful) by Angelica Kauffman, and opposite this an equally lovely one, by Mme. Vigée Lebrun. So let those who think women have never accomplished anything visit the Louvre. The picture of the Three Graces is considered one of the finest here, and the flesh tint certainly is wonderful, but the whole is lacking in subjectivity. There are several pretty landscapes, pictures of animals by ~~Syndus,~~ Snyd and an occasional single figure by Rubens and Vandyke. Passing hence one is almost startled by the brilliancy and size of the paintings. In this Salle des Sept Chéminées every picture expresses some dramatic action, and it is fascinating in the extreme. David's Leonidas, at the Thermopylæ, hangs directly above his Sabine women, and both are of crystalline clearness and brilliancy. Bonaparte visiting the Plague-stricken at Jaffa, the Battle-field of Eylau, Lady Macbeth in Duncan's chamber, Phædra & Hippolytus, the Burial of Atala (one of the most touching of Chateaubriand's lovely works), in which the lover's anguish and the deep repose of the unsullied girl are perfect, Diana and Endymion were all remarkably striking and vivid. The deep reds and glorious orange tints of these pictures are almost beautiful enough to absorb one's whole attention, even if they clothed no figures and answered no purpose. There were many other works worthy of an attention which we could not give at this time, for we felt an irresistible desire to see the chéfs d'ouvres of sculpture, which are on the ground floor. The Venus de Milo stands at the end of a long gallery filled

with ancient works, and is enclosed by a railing, lifted on a lofty pedestal, and provided with a back-ground of dark maroon velvet. All the talking in the world and all the books would never convince me that this grand, calm, strong, self-sufficient woman was either a love-demanding or a love-bestowing goddess. There she stands, almost smiling contemptuously on the stream of mortals that pay her unceasing homage, and can never wrest her secret from her. Her beauty is not in the least etherial; yet it is altogether unearthly; unapproachable, divine. The marble is not defaced, and seems to be peculiarly soft and pliant. It would be hard to take one's eyes from this were there not so many other splendid works here. Among the numerous Minervas, all of the purest age of art, stands the unrivalled Pallas of Velletri. An eternal sentinel, free from every trace of weakness, she shows forth the perfect conception of the dignity, the repose, the majesty of wisdom. The dreamy, graceful Polyhymnia, the gigantic, stern Melpomene, sweet, gentle Enterpe, and numerous minor Fauns, Cupids and Satyrs can be passed by until one reaches a Diana Venatrix — a glorious Personification of Freedom — the ideal of a subjective Liberty that is pure, peaceable and lawful. It has not taken me long to record the memorable objects here, but by this time we were completely exhausted, and could scarcely drag one foot after the other, when we finally reached the Hotel. Nevertheless, when the lights began to glitter, and the whole world seemed to be out of doors enjoying the gorgeous display of the shop-windows and the dainties of the café's, we, too, allowed ourselves to be drawn hither, and wandered, as in dream-land, through the endless arcades of the Palais Royal. This enthralling square bears no trace of its historical celebrity, but appears to be thoroughly modern from every point of view; for the lower floor is occupied by stores, and above there are public halls and a theatre.

Marseilles, Friday, May 18th.—We have had two lovely railway rides yesterday and day before—from Paris to Lyons, and from Lyons here — the vineyards, the statues and crosses on the hills, the cities, the mountains of the Ardèche on one side, the far-away, etherially outlined Alps on the other, the old Roman ruins, the lovely rivers spanned by the most picturesque bridges, and, finally, the sapphire Mediterranean — there is no way of making it sound half so lovely as it was. At Montbard we saw the ruined castle of the Dukes of Burgundy, and the statue of Buffon. At Dijon, the castle built by Louis XIV. can be seen from the cars, and there are beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture here. We reached Lyons at 6 p. m., and stopped at the Hotel d'Angleterre, opposite a very pretty open square, where many persons were enjoying the balmy air and bright sky of la belle France. After dinner, nice open carriages drove up and we were soon rolling around the brilliantly illuminated city. The situation of Lyons is

perfect; the heights of Fourvières are green and thickly wooded, while the Rhone and the Saone seem to intersect and surround the city on all sides. The bridges and the quays are, of course, peculiarly beautiful by night, when the waters throw back the myriad lights that line their banks. We stopped at the Cathedral and went in. It was about 8 P. M., and the hour for evening service. The whole body of the ancient Gothic building was shrouded in a dim twilight, while an aged priest officiated at the altar blazing with a hundred tapers. The quaint carvings, dim religious light, wail of the choristers and devotion of the humble worshippers made me feel that I was indeed in a foreign land and subject to influences never felt before. Roman Catholicism, on its native heath, presents a very different aspect to its exotic growth among ourselves, and I felt more tolerant towards those Americans who have been affected in this direction by European travel. We continued our drive through the best part of the city, were charmed with the beautiful goods and fine work of every kind displayed in the shop-windows, saw the Bourse, the Theatre and the grand squares, that of Louis le Grand being one of the largest in Europe, and covering fifteen acres. Next morning our journey became still more interesting, this part of France being as rich in Roman ruins as Rome itself. For the first time in our lives we realize the unbroken continuity of historical events. I should love to have stopped at Avignon, Arles and Nismes, they are well worth a pilgrimage. But from our window we could see the triumphal arches, the citadels and the grand amphitheatres that marked the steps of conquest. While nothing in the world would have given me more pleasure than to stop at Avignon and visit the grave in which the unselfish, generous, noble-minded John Stewart Mill rests by the side of the wife he loved so devotedly, I felt, even in the midst of this external and objective existence, that the homage paid in spirit was a thousand times more real a thing than hundreds of visits. Here we are in this city which flourished before London and Paris were heard of, — the Massalia of the Greeks and the contemporary of Tyre and Sidon. It now consists of an old and a new city, which form a striking contrast to each other. We are stopping at a new and handsome Hotel on the principal street — lined with the finest cafés in Europe. Here one sees true Southern life; women without bonnets or hats, beggars of every age and description, deformed and afflicted people, men who seem born to be incarnations of indolence, and children living in filth and wretched neglect. They all talk, laugh, quarrel, bargain, gesticulate and crack their whips until the noise is deafening. Everyone seems to live out of doors, and the crowd on the streets at night is so great that one has to wedge through it. There are two public squares facing each other with a fountain in the midst, and on each side, perched up in the quaintest

little booths, are women and girls selling flowers — the famous roses of the Corniche. Several members of our party went over to the Isle d' If this morning to visit the Prison of the Man with the Iron Mask, but we did not venture out under this fiery sun until this afternoon. Then we rode to the Palais de Longchamps, built by Napoleon III., and one of the most striking and unique structures in the world. The colonades encircle beautiful wide foot-paths, and these in their turn a terraced fountain, which is surmounted at the centre of the piazza from which it starts by a group of Tritons, Neptune, &c. We did not enter the Museum, but contented ourselves with this novel exterior. We rode to the Docks, which were lined with Mediterranean steamers, and though the sea looked as poetical and charming as it can ever look, we were very glad that our programme did not include a sail on its classic bosom. The drive along the Corniche road is lovely — on one side are the villas, so shrouded in dense shrubbery as to be scarcely visible from the road, and on the other the sea and the rocky cliffs and islands. We also saw the Arc de Triomphe and the new Cathedral. How perfectly incongruous this last seemed with our modern civilization!

Genoa, Tuesday, May 22nd.—During our ride from Marseilles to Nice, we passed Cannes, where Napoleon landed when he escaped from Elba, also Frejus, the ancient Forum Julii, where there are remains of acqueducts, amphitheatres, baths, &c. Though only a short distance, this journey occupied the entire day, but the road was so beautiful, and our party so gay, that we found this no demand whatever upon our fortitude. Nice is a city of luxurious and elegant country residences, and bears the impress of English patronage. I felt affected by malaria immediately on arriving, and did not need the witness of the Eucalyptus tree planted along the avenues. So I did not get out at all here, and have no other recollections of the place than those gained in riding to and from stations, and the agreeable sensations produced by the lovely Hotel Paradis. My sisters enjoyed the privilege of attending church in Nice on Trinity Sunday, and were delighted that they could cherish such an experience. On Monday we determined to take Monaco in our way and not make a special excursion there. Just outside of Nice our attention was arrested by a pyramid on the summit of one of the most prominent hills, and we discovered that this was the tomb of Gambetta. How appropriate and lovely! The ride to Monaco was a very short one, and we were soon ascending the promontory, where the infamous Casino is situated. Nature is so exquisite here — the sea, the sky, the vegetation, the mountains and the valley — that one wonders how art could have the hardihood to intrude. But the grounds are really laid out magnificently, and tropical plants mingle with rows and beds of flowers of all hues and forms, while pretty pa-

vilions, fountains and grottoes abound on all sides. The Palace of Monte Carlo, in which the gambling goes on, is very gorgeous — frescoed and gilded, with marble floors, high ceilings and grand windows. The gamblers sit in a great spacious hall around three rather long narrow tables covered with green baize, and the silence of the tomb reigns supreme. There was something wierd and uncanny about this scene. The people were middle-aged, the majority, men; all seemed laboring under a lethargy and drowsiness that was very painful to behold. Every manifestation of excitement, and even of interest, is suppressed, and losing and winning are accepted with equal sang froid. Occasionally we noticed a strange glitter in the eyes of the players, and an impatience that could not be subdued. This was especially visible in a young and rather pretty woman. All the other women were frightfully ugly. But this one, with her auburn hair, fair complexion and bright eyes, was attractive. She wore two plain gold rings on her left hand, and frequently whispered with a common looking man next to her, who seemed to advise her how to play. Several of our party thought they were husband and wife; but I did not; unanimity in such a search for happiness would certainly be monstrous; very likely she had a nice, good husband waiting for her at home. It was with a feeling of intense relief that we left this place — the very air seemed poisonous. Knowledge of such perversity is certainly of the kind "that cometh by pain." At the station we had a charming view of Bordighera, and while speeding along the Riviera enjoyed the many reminders of Dr. Antonio and Lucy, which Ruffini's vivid description cannot fail to bring before one. We did not reach Genoa until 10 P. M. This Hotel, d' Italie et St. Croix de Malte, is one of the old palaces, and the vaulted ceilings are so high, that one feels lost. Our room is so large that when I am lying down and watching my sisters move around at the other end, they look like children, and our trunks look like dolls' trunks. We seem to be in a species of fairy land. To-day has been a very eventful one. We feel compensated in the way of novelty for having crossed the ocean; for this ancient city is totally unlike anything that can be seen in our country. Many of the houses are eleven stories high, and the streets are so narrow that a man can touch the opposite sides with outstretched arms. Our Palace opens on what we should call an alley at home. But these dark, narrow streets form a splendid foil for the Piazzas, or open squares, into which they suddenly open every now and then. In lieu of a bonnet or hat the women wear picturesque black veils or white tulle, while the poorer go out in the boiling sun without any protection. We walked to the church of the Annunziata, near at hand. All the churches we have hitherto seen seem pale and tame before this gorgeous outburst of Italian art. The entire ceiling is frescoed and gilded so brilliantly, that it

is impossible to stop and take in the beauties of any one group; the eye will rove from picture to picture, so that the final impression is a very hazy one. Over the entrance is Procacini's "Cena." It is very dark and most unfortunately placed, but after repeated efforts we managed to enjoy the striking figures, and felt that there was new light thrown upon the most moving of all narratives. The nave and aisles of this church are supported by columns of white marble inlaid with red; so that the ensemble is almost theatrical. We then rode to the Palazzo Durazzo. The drawing-rooms and picture galleries are at the very top of the spacious edifice, and are reached by wide stair-ways of white marble. There is a splendid collection of the great masters here: portraits by Vandyck of the Genoese nobility; the apostles and saints by Rubens, Carvacci, Guido and Guercino; several paintings of Cleopatra — a woman apparently distinguished only for her size, for none of the faces were beautiful or remarkable. The general simplicity of these princely apartments is very noticable. The walls are covered with red and gold or blue and gold damask, the mirrors are small, there are a few statuettes in marble and bronze, and the pictures absorb the attention completely. We also visited the Royal Palace and the Palazzo Balbi in succession. The latter has a beautiful court in white marble, and, in addition to many good pictures, several inlaid cabinets, tablets, &c. The furniture is quite simple and unpretending. In one of these (but just which one I cannot now remember) there is a St. Sebastian, by Guido Reni, — one of the most emotional of all the Italian artists. The expression of the youthful saint is that "of one who dies of love and joy alone." There is a frieze of the exploits of Hercules, and one room which contains large pictures of scenes in the life of Achilles: his mother holds him by the heel as she bathes him in the Styx; he parts with Briseis; he towers above all others in the stormiest of the conflicts; and he refuses to be comforted for the death of Patroclus; all are splendid. The church of Santa Maria di Carignano presents a striking contrast to the Annunziata. There is an air of simplicity about it, which is due to the preponderance of white marble. The altars are numerous, and over each one is a fine painting — of an obscure subject. There are four fine statues here, two by Puget and two by David, but we did not have time to enjoy them, for the object of a visit here is to obtain a view of the superb city from the cupola. We all made the ascent of three hundred steps, and from a tiny gallery looked down on the sea, the city and the mountains. The houses are crowded together, so that no regularity in the construction of the city seems to have been dreamed of. Mr. Daziano told us that the women who live in the highest stories of these houses only come down once a year. The roofs are flat, and are used as laundries and conservatories — almost every one being ornamented with clothes hung

out to dry, and pots of flowers and plants. But the view *is* beautiful; for the luminous Italian atmosphere wraps all in its entrancing halo, and the sky is cloudless. The church of San Lorenzo — the Duomo of Genoa — is extremely ancient and interesting. The pillars are hung with crimson damask, and contrast well with the black and white marble which covers the walls. There are very old statues at the altars and in niches, but I have not been able to discover the artists. I thought some of them very fine. But in one of the three chief altars we were shown two of the most exquisite pictures my eyes ever rested on. They are generally covered up, but the curtains were withdrawn for our benefit. We were told that Napoleon had carried them both to Paris. I could not occupy myself with the subjects. The faces, the forms, above all the colors themselves, were of the dreamiest softness; it did not seem as impossible that a human brain had conceived them as that a human hand had painted them. The ashes of St. John the Baptist are preserved in a chapel here and no woman is permitted to enter it. After this we drove to the Palazzo Andrea Doria — a real treat, for his is one of the few names on this page of history that will glow forever with a steady light. The fresco of Jupiter vanquishing the Titans is a magnificent work of art here, and there are several interesting portraits of the Doria family. We stood in the small room in which the "father of his country" died, and felt how nobly *one* name can redeem the history of a Republic. In the chapel of the Albergo de Poveri we saw a medallion of Christ and the Virgin, entitled "Pieta," by Michæl Angelo. It was lovely, but seemed to lack force and vitality. From the terrace in front of this Institution there is a splendid view of the city and its surroundings. Of course we were all very much interested in the monument to Columbus. We all pronounced it much less imposing than it ought to be. At the corners of the square base there are allegorical figures representing Religion, Geography, Force and Wisdom, and the circular pedastal, adorned with prows of ships, is surmounted by Columbus and America as a woman kneeling before him. During our peregrinations to-day we noticed the exterior of a window adorned with flags, wreaths, ribbons, &c., and upon inquiring found that it was the room in which Garibaldi died.

Wednesday, May 23rd.—This morning we drove to the Campo Santo — the famous cemetery of Genoa. All the wealthy people are buried in a Colonaded Portico, which extends for some distance on each side of a circular chapel. The monuments are very fine, and there is an air of lovely repose in this pure white marble dwelling. But while the works are handsome, they are in fearful taste. Many of them consist of portrait statues of the deceased and death-bed scenes. The ground forming a court in the midst of this colonade is used for

the burial of the poor, who are allowed to rest here for five years, when the bodies are disinterred and thrown into a common grave. We learned that no mourners, either rich or poor, ever attend an interment, this being the exclusive office of the employé, and all burials take place during the night. After a beautiful drive through the Park, which is called the Acquasola, we visited the Palazzo Brignole Sale. Among the many fine paintings are a beautiful Madonna by Andrea del Sarto; the Pharisees questioning our Lord about the tribute-money; a Holy Family, in which St. John offers a butterfly to the infant Saviour; a fine portrait of the Marchioness Brignole with her little daughter by her side — both dressed so uncomfortably that one cannot but pity them — and several other handsome portraits of the Brignole family. We also rushed for a few moments in the church of San Siro, where the Doges were crowned; the only impression that I received was that of its weird and mouldy antiquity.

Pisa.—Here at home while copying my journal for my friends, I shall have to write my recollections of Pisa, as it quite dropped out of my record in the hurry and excitement of those halcyon days. On the morning of the day we left Genoa we all seized the opportunity to attend the celebration of Corpus Christi in the Duomo. It was a strange experience. The church was crowded with the peasants and bourgeois dressed in their best. The choir was filled with priests, choristers, a mitred bishop, &c., all chanting in most harmonious strains. While some of the people were kneeling, weeping and praying, others were smiling, looking around and talking. A man carried around a money-bag attached to a long pole, and this he shook in everyone's face at intervals of a few moments. Two services were going on at the same time, and some of the chairs were turned in one direction, and some in another. We were glad that something moved us to leave at an early hour, for later in the day a disturbance arose which called out the military and produced no slight excitement. On our way to Pisa we passed Spezzia, and talked of Shelley and his romantic and mournful death here. In exchange for the Maritime Alps we now had the magnificent mountains of Carrara and Massa marble, the smooth sides of the crevices of which were a much more novel sight. From the cars one catches the first glimpse of the famous group of buildings which the guide books say is the finest in the world. It is a remarkable and beautiful sight. The Leaning Tower at first did not seem as high or as narrow as I had imagined it, but the creamy richness of the marble and the sculpturing are so lovely, that one can feel no disappointment in the whole. The Baptistery and Duomo look much older and quainter than pictures represent them. It is so quiet here after Genoa, and built and laid out so differently — the streets being wide, the houses (though all white or yellow) more modern looking, and the

surrounding country so much more level and open, that one cannot but remark upon it. I did not feel at all in the humor of ascending the Tower, so while all the others were performing this exploit, I was reveling in the opportunity to wander all through the vast Cathedral alone. The walls in every direction are covered with the most magnificent oil paintings. The St. Agnes of Andrea del Sarto hangs from one of the pillars of the nave; but it does not need a conspicuous position, for its soft and tender beauty would attract attention anywhere. There is a beautiful Madonna delle Grazie by the same artist; a Virgin in Glory by Cristoforo Allori and Passignano's Triumph of the Martyrs. There is a certain harmony about all the subjects that is very alluring at the time, but adds greatly to the difficulty of recalling them afterwards. The roof is flat, divided into compartments and richly gilded. In the centre hangs the very lamp from which Galileo obtained his idea of the pendulum. After all the others came in, the sacristan conducted us into the chancel of the main altar and the choir. I should never have dreamed, that in order to produce the effect of mystery in music the choirs in these churches are placed *behind* the altar, and are invisible to the congregation. Certainly, compared with the Italians, all who live beyond the Alps are still barbarians! Here we were shown some very ancient paintings, which are so highly prized, that they are kept covered and only displayed for a fee. The most precious of all was Abraham and Isaac, in which the artist evidently had a desperate struggle in the endeavor to express his idea. The Baptistery is simply a rotunda containing the immense font from which the people in numbers are baptized on special Feast days, and on the left a marvelous pulpit, the work of Nicolas of Pisa in 1260. It is covered with sculpturing of the greatest delicacy and grace. The Campo Santo is just behind these buildings. It is not anything like as handsome as that of Genoa; but there are, nevertheless, several fine monuments, and here hangs the heavy iron chain of the ancient harbor of Pisa, which was captured by the Genoese in 1362, and restored only in 1848. On the walls of the cloister-like arcades are the frescoes which inaugurated the dawn of modern painting, by Giotto and the Orcagna brothers. They are grotesque; but one begins to understand what a herculean task it must have been to commence the transcription of the Bible stories in forms and colors. Among fragments of antiques our attention was called to the pillars which once adorned the house of Pontius Pilate. They are small, well formed and certainly have an air of great antiquity. During our drive we were shown the Lanfranchi Palace, rendered famous by the long residence of Byron; the house in which Galileo was born, and the Torre del Fame, where Ugolino Gherardesca and his children were starved to death in 1288. The bridges crossing the Arno — an unpretending little stream per-

fectly guiltless of any intrinsic charms — the old aristocratic palaces lining the banks of the river; and the ancient churches make Pisa a picturesque and memorable city. While here one feels entirely cut off from the great bustling, busy, vociferous world of the nineteenth century. Existence here is dream-like and unreal. During our journey from Pisa to Rome the train stopped for refreshments, and everybody rushed across several tracks into the waiting-room of a regular Italian trattoria, already well filled with passengers from the opposing train from Rome. The confusion presented a scene long to be remembered. The meal consisted of roast-beef, fowl, a little bottle (like a cologne bottle) of sour red wine for each person, an enormous quantity of yellow rice and a generous supply of citron. The novelty was too much of a good thing for many of us, and when the signal came to return to our train, our conductor seized a whole fowl, several bottles of wine, bread and citron for those who had not been able to enjoy the delectable viands in the confusion. We found that the deduction of the yellow rice made the meal much more palatable, and thus refreshed, proceeded on our way Rome-ward.

Rome, Tuesday, May 29th.—We have been here since Friday night, and have accomplished wonders. On Saturday morning we started out and went at once to the Capitol, entering the Museum on the left. The exterior is much defaced, having once been white, and now marked with black patches. Its situation on the hill named for it is most beautiful, and the ascent — a graded stone walk — very fine. Near the summit is a large cage in which wolves are restlessly pacing to and fro. The statues in the piazza are much mutilated, with the exception of the gilded equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which is truly magnificent. The heart is deeply stirred on entering the Capitol, for, as a museum, it contains treasures over which the world has raved, and there are portions of the stone foundation which belong to the year 367 of Rome's history. In the Gallery of Sculptures, before ascending, there is a beautiful Diana, a colossal Mars, a Juno, and these wild, free, untrammeled beings stand opposite to Pudicitia, Patientia and lovely personifications of virtues. Above, one enters at once upon the Dying Gladiator — one of the most moving of all statues, thoroughly human and calling forth the profoundest sympathies. The glaze on the marble detracts somewhat from its beauty. Near by is the Faun of Praxiteles, better known as Hawthorne's Marble Faun, so mightily do the charms of literature prevail over all others. No one can refrain from saying, "How lovely!" But there is a profound silence when the ravishing beauty of the Venus bursts on the sight. The expression is one of ineffable loveliness, and every curve of the exquisite form is faultless. There are numerous busts here; of Augustus, Trajan, Eschylus, Plato, Euripides, Aristophanes, Aurelius, Nero, &c., &c.

There are also Greek sarcophagi of great beauty, the reliefs being wonderfully preserved: one for a child in which the story of birth and death is told in mythological symbols is most interesting. There are Egyptian vases, columns, heads, &c., 3,000 years old. The Doves of Pliny in mosaics are very lovely. After this hasty glance we drove to the Coliseum, which Byron declares to be coëval with Rome's existence. It does indeed seem so, but in my opinion the glorious old ruin is very much marred by the new brick supports and marble slabs. These last contain the name of the Pope who made the restoration, as if any one cared about this! The effect of the exterior is greatly lessened by this conglomeration. Within, one gazes upward, bewildered by the tiers of seats, rising higher and higher, and the width of the vast circle seems even more endless. We stood in the arena, but the stillness, the serenity of nature, for it was the brightest of May days, and the placidity of everything made it very, very hard to recall the awful inhumanity and vicious luxury that once reigned here. We saw where the gladiators bathed, the underground chambers from which they came into the Arena, the stair by which the Vestal Virgins wended their way from their Temple (within sight) to the spectacle, the seats occupied by the senators, tribunes, jurors, &c.. and — exceeding all else in interest — the dark holes in which the Christians were imprisoned. The Baths of Caracalla was our next stopping-place. The mighty walls, the eternal arches, the divisions of the many, many apartments — these alone remain. The mosaic pavement, about a yard of white marble frieze, two pedestals with headless statues, fragments of columns and statues are all that is left to tell the tale of unparalleled splendor and magnificence. The silence here is positively oppressive, and one cannot but leave with a feeling of relief. Here, as in the Coliseum, the birds have their nests in the broken walls, and the wild flowers bloom with a vigor and vitality that is strangely incongruous with their abode. During our drive we passed under the Arches of Titus and Constantine (brown, yellow and black with the impress of time), along the Via Sacra (where Horace met the bore), had a view of the Arch of Septimius Severus, and saw the Forum — by far the most poetic and romantic of the ruins. The remains of the neighboring Temples are very graceful, and the single shafts give the mournful aspect that is called for in such scenes. A good long ride brought us back to the Hotel, and my sisters and I then started out alone in search of a nice Café. A pleasant walk brought us to the "Roma," and we lunched delightfully. These quick witted Italians speak French with ease, and their musical voices never sound sweeter than when so employed. In the afternoon our party assembled again and went first to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. If the exterior of ancient Rome is dark, ugly and gloomy, the interior of the churches makes up for it. I was

positively startled by the dazzling brilliancy of this one. Its architecture, adorned with mosaics, is supported by forty-two Ionic columns, thirty-three in marble and four in granite. The high altar is a tomb in porphry, and the canopy is supported by porphry pillars. The Sistine chapel, by Fontana, contains an altar-piece of St. Jerome, in mosaics, by Ribera, the baldachino being of gilded bronze. A grand colossal statue of Sixtus V. is the most prominent feature. There is not an inch of this chapel which is not beautiful and gorgeous. Verd-antique, and marbles in every shade and color, contrasting exquisitely, make it a scene of exquisite beauty. Opposite is the Borghese chapel — still richer in ornamentation — of which the altar pillars are of fluted jasper. The church of San Giovanni, in Laterano, is just as dazzling. The walls and columns are draped in crimson damask, and from this back-ground, in niches, stand out gigantic figures of the twelve apostles. In the basement we were shown the celebrated Dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin, over which my mother has always been so enthusiastic, and which I believe is the work of Bernini. The expression of the lifeless form tests the powers of the plastic art to their utmost, and the result is indeed wonderful. The decorations in this church are by Giacomo della Porta. Santa Croce, in Gerusalemme, is old and faded. We went in the basement and saw the chapel in which is kept a piece of the true cross brought by St. Helena herself from Jerusalem. The altar picture of the Saint is very handsome. While here we saw a state carriage drive up and a Cardinal alight, enter and perform his evening devotions with a fervor and humility that were beautiful. We next stood at the foot of the Scala Santa, and to our surprise actually saw the people ascending on their knees and kissing the steps. It was a strange mixture of superstition and devotion, and gave rise to very painful emotions. At the sides of the squares are two exquisite groups by Giacometti; Judas betraying Christ with a kiss, and Pilate arraigning Christ. In both the expression of the Saviour is truly divine. I cannot imagine how anyone can travel through Europe and not feel the quickening of a devotional spirit. But One Form dominates and predominates in art. One Voice alone says, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." During our ride back we saw the Baths of Diocletian and the Obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo and San Giovanni. These beautiful ancient monuments, so truly spiritual in form and design, abound in Rome. It is with awe, indeed, that one gazes upon that of San Giovanni — the oldest monument in the world, contemporaneous with the War of Troy, and once the adornment of the square of the Temple of Heliopolis. But I feel, all the time during my stay here, that it is not the seeing this, that, or the other particular ruin, not the standing before a certain work, not the identification of historic landmarks that gives to Rome

its peculiar charm. No: it is enough to be in Rome. She who sits upon her Seven Hills is no longer crowned. It is a solemn thing to walk the streets of the once vain-glorious mistress of the world. Thoughts of Pagan, Republican, Imperial, Christian, Papal, Mediæval and Modern Rome rush like an avalanche on the mind, until it reels and staggers beneath the weight. I feel that I never have thought before; — almost as if no one had thought. For I do not believe that the mighty problems of Rome's history have begun to be solved. Neither Gibbon nor Merivale with their ponderous learning; not Byron or Hawthorne, sensitively thrilling to the poetry of beauty; not Mme. de Staël herself who has scaled the empyrean of eloquence in her treatment of this theme has satisfied the longing for its true interpretation; and my heart burns within me when I think of those who are yet to stand before this great portal and unveil the awful secret. Oh, when will the world learn that the mere knowledge of facts is nothing! A visit to the Rome of the nineteenth century is a matter of purely subjective interest. The objective transitions are so abrupt, so unexpected and startling, that no one can truthfully enjoy them. As soon as we passed the Baths of Diocletian — a portion of which was converted into a church by Michæl Angelo, and is surmounted by a cross — we entered the gay and festive promenade of the Pincian Hill, now laid out regularly and adorned with an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, &c. Here we saw the modern beau monde exercising in stylish coupés, and had to swallow the incongruity as best we could. On Sunday we attended the fine, new American church and heard a good sermon on the emotions and their spiritual significance. Monday morning bright and early we started off for St. Peter's. The Piazza is *all* that it is described to be. I am not skilled enough in architectural science to enjoy proportion and symmetry at the expense of light and shade, and the coloring of the church and colonade is, in my opinion, fatal to an admiration of the exterior. But as we ascended the steps, I felt the full force of the privilege and said, "This is a moment of supreme happiness to me;" and in a few moments we entered the wonderful sanctuary. It is glorious. To me it was *more* than anyone has represented it to be. Genius has laid down its mightiest trophies here. Luxury, Wealth, Pomp and Vanity struggle for the ascendency in a Temple consecrated to the Man of Sorrows. And yet in spite of the glaring inconsistency, in spite of this expression of ideas in direct opposition (as we Protestants must believe) to the genius of Christ's religion, one feels that there is a redeeming reality in this stupendous structure. Catholicism has a mission, and art struggling for *life*, not existence (it had known this in Greece and Pagan Rome), could only find it in the Mediæval church. And here comes in that interpretation of the relation between sacred and secular ideas which Milman, Moland,

Ranke and others have supported so ably, and which cannot be ignored in a right comprehension of events. The cherubs holding the basins of Holy Water are almost twice as large as a man. The inlaid marble columns, profusely decorated with medallions, and joining in arches above which are the most graceful leaning figures, are wonderfully beautiful. The sense of freedom, elevation and exultation caused by these figures is as novel as it is entrancing. We made the tour of the ground floor, stopping before each magnificent monument of the numerous Popes. By far the grandest is the tomb of Clement XIII., by Canova. It represents the Pope praying, while on one side stands the figure of Death with torch reversed, and on the other the most exquisite figure of Religion leans on the cross, meekness, heroism and rapture beaming from the lovely countenance. At the angles are enormous lions, one sleeping, and both grandly impressive and natural. The altar of St. Leo is next in interest. It is an immense bas-relief representing the Pope threatening Attila with vengeance if he approaches Rome. The monument of Pius VIII., representing him kneeling, with Christ behind giving His benediction and Sts. Peter and Paul on each side, is very fine. There was also one which was very flashy, of which I cannot remember the name of the Pope, but the figure was either draped with or kneeling on a cloth of red and white marble, whose enormous folds seemed as pliant as the softest crêpe-de-chêne. The monuments to Christina of Sweden and the last of the Stuarts interested me deeply. That of Maria Sobieski, wife of James III., has her portrait in oils above the tomb. The genii guarding the mausoleum of the three Pretenders are very beautiful and melancholy. In the first side chapel is Michæl Angelo's Pieta — the Dead Christ lying in the arms of the pitiful and tender Virgin — a truly beautiful and appealing creation. The statue of Jupiter, long since called that of Peter, is a very fierce and astonishing figure in black marble; we saw many persons kissing the well worn toe. The High Altar is in bronze gilt with twisted columns, and around a railing leading to a still lower altar there were one hundred and forty-two lamps burning, and producing a fine effect. Just at the foot of the steps leading down to this chapel is a kneeling figure in white marble of Pius VI., by Canova. But what would St. Peter's be without the gorgeous mosaics of its Seven Altars! These are copies of the master-pieces in painting. The most beautiful of all, in my estimation, is that of Christ showing the sacred wounds to the doubting Thomas, the transcendent beauty of the compassionate Saviour leaving nothing to be desired. Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome is magnificent in mosaics. Raphæl's Transfiguration is too familiar, through prints and copies of all descriptions, to elicit the praise it deserves. Roncalli's Annanias and Sapphira is vivid and powerful. From St. Peter's we passed to the

Vatican and entered the Sistine chapel. What pen can describe the Last Judgment? It is a work of such magnitude, grandeur and force, that the ordinary mind is completely overpowered by it. One misses the brilliant coloring of the Renaissance painters, and the first impulse is to turn away from such a multiplicity of details. But the attractive power of genius is greater than that of the load-stone, and the desire to gaze and gaze on forever takes possession of the soul. The ceiling of this chapel is also the work of Michæl Angelo, and represents the Old Testament History. This work is in a better state of preservation and freshness, and is intensely atttractive, but as there are no mirrors here it almost breaks one's neck to look at it. How bright and beautiful are Adam and Eve at creation, how pathetic the exile from Paradise, how fearful the scene of the Brazen Serpent! One seems for the first time fully to understand these truths. The Loggia of Raphæl can be interesting only to the student; the figures are too worn and faded to arrest the attention of the visitor. His Tapestries are much finer — that of the School of Athens being so perfect, that one would not be surprised to see the figures walk across the broad stone steps, nor to hear the voices break out and give utterance to the glowing thoughts that irradiate their faces. The first gallery we entered was one of modern paintings: two were by Fracasini, who, our guide told us, was much beloved by Pius IX., and often walked arm in arm with him; he died at the age of twenty-seven, and his countrymen believe that, had he lived, he would have been another Raphæl. One of the above pictures represented the execution of several monks, and was remarkable both in design and finish. The other paintings were miserable. The next room was devoted exclusively to the representation of the Promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX.; these frescoes, copied from the masters, were good and interesting. The real treasures of this collection are, of course, the originals of the mosaics in St. Peter's. Besides these there are Raphæl's Madonna del Foligno, in which happy, placid, joyous *energy* betrays a temperament as unique as the genius of the artist; Caravaggio's Entombment, in which the grief and tenderness of the faithful women are beautifully set forth; Garofolo's Holy Family, Murillo's St. Catherine — a dark, fascinating Spanish beauty — Holy Family and Return of the Prodigal. We next passed through what ought to be called the Hall of the Vases, for here are collected the most magnificent alabaster, malachite, lapis-lazuli and marble vases, urns and basins. From one of the fonts, we were told, the Prince Imperial was baptized. In a large case we saw treasured manuscripts, and among others, letters written by Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII., Petrarch and Tasso. At last the Museum of the Vatican was thrown open. We saw the grand Torso that Michæl Angelo loved so dearly; the Meleager, Antinous,

Perseus with the head of Medusa — a splendid work, the soul-subduing Laocoön, Ariadne abandoned by Theseus — one of my favorite works, because she looks so *strong* in her suffering; the exquisite Athlete, and above all, the Apollo Belvedere — more glorious than the wildest fancy can picture. No wonder the enthusiastic poet could say:

> "More beauteous than the god his marble form I see,
> Though hushed the lyre, the lips are breathing melody."

The bust of Jupiter from Otricoli, the only fine copy in the world of the master-piece of Phidias, is here, and makes one rejoice that the true Father of gods and men did not leave Himself without a witness among that gifted people who did not hesitate to declare themselves "His offspring." "I have said ye are gods," are the words of our own Bible. There are works of Canova here, but it is scarcely worth while to look at them beside the Greek works. It would take me hours just to enumerate all that we saw here. After a long ride we stopped at a road-side Trattoria, and under a leafless arbor ate a lunch of hard, dry bread, Bologna sausage, and Italian white wine, entertained by an orchestrion. Thus sustained we entered St Paul's, the work of thirty-eight years not yet having reached completion. It bids fair to become a gorgeous rival of St. Peter's. The High Altar is far more beautiful, consisting of columns and canopy of the most exquisite alabaster over an altar of malachite. The frieze consists of mosaic portraits of the Popes in endless array. The whole church is adorned with eighty Corinthian columns — each of a single block of granite which can scarcely be spanned by three men with outstretched arms. The stained glass of the windows is unusually clear and beautiful, each one containing but a single figure. In one of the chapels there is an exquisite painting of the Stoning of Stephen. On our way to the Catacombs we saw the Fortress-tomb of Cecilia Metalla, the Pyramid of Cestius, the empty field in which once was the Tomb of the Scipios, and rode along the Via Appia. I did not care to go down in the Catatombs, and was disagreeably interrupted in a nice little note-taking by the hasty return of the party, who seemed to be disgusted with themselves for going. During our ride in the morning we saw the grand old Castle of St. Angelo — tomb, fortress and refuge for those who were born free; stopped on the banks of the Tiber, at the point where the deed of Horatius Cocles made his name immortal; and saw an old Temple of Vesta. On our way home we saw the Baths of Diocletian again, the columns of Antoninus, Trajan's Forum, and column and the wondrous Fountains of Trevi and Aqua Felice. Monks and priests dressed in all the colors of the rainbow are getting to be such an ordinary sight, that we take no notice of them at all. We have seen two or three very singular funerals, when the pall-bearers, masked and clothed entirely in white, carry the casket through the streets by means of long poles resting on

their shoulders. Every now and then we see beautiful girls dressed in the old costume going to sit as models for artists.

TUESDAY, MAY 29th.—We have spent to-day in visiting the Palaces of Rome. First the Palazzo Doria. There are numerous Sale. In the first I noticed several fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa and Poussin; Herodias with the head of John the Baptist; fine sarcophagi with grand alti-relievi; John the Baptist and St. Agnes by Guercino — one of my favorite painters; a striking centaur. In the next room Bernini's group — Jacob wrestling with the angel interested us deeply. Winckelmann had given me such an unfavorable impression of Bernini, that I find myself frequently surprised by an admiration for his works, which is purely involuntary and uncontrolable. Domenichino's St. Paul's Conversion was very good. There were busts here of English women who had married Italian princes; the faces were not pretty or remarkable; Belisarius by Salvator Rosa; St. Sebastian and Madonna and Child by L. Carracci; two heads by Correggio; a Cardinal by Velasquez; a very sweet Endymion by Guercino; Portrait of Lucrezia Borgia by Paolo Veronese (we could scarcely believe she was so ugly); Angel Gabriel with pensive, feminine face and hands crossed by Romanelli; Descent from the Cross by Anibali Carracci; Portrait of Machiavelli by Bronzino; the Mercury of Horatian renown, "che ruba i buoi ad Apollo," by Claude Lorraine; quaint head of a woman by Holbein; the wicked Giovanna I. of Naples — a striking portrait by Leonarda da Vinci; Abraham sacrificing Isaac by Titian — the boy of thirteen, very beautiful, stretching out his arms to his father imploringly, but the rescuing Angel not good; Visitation of St. Elizabeth by Garofolo — rich in coloring; Portrait of Marco Paulo by Titian; Holy Family by Sassoferrato, and a Magdalen by Carracci were all remarkably interesting. We then entered the Palazzo Colonna, and noticed rather pretty Gobelin Tapestry, a Cleopatra by Guido (*all* the Cleopatras are blondes, but none are beautiful), and then passed through the Throne Room, hung in crimson and gold damask, the only picture of which is a lovely and most pleasing portrait of Leo XIII. In another room there is beautiful ceiling painting by Luti and Bartoni; a very fine mosaic cabinet, and an ivory bas-relief cabinet. The pictures were all dark, confused and dim. There was one elegant hall hung with twenty crystal chandeliers, arched ceiling frescoed splendidly, marble floor and pillars. On the steps leading to a smaller room is the cannon ball launched in '59, and the broken place in the marble. Here I saw the first one of Vasari's pictures — a beautiful woman — a Venus or Bacchante with rich coloring. While here we met the little Princess Colonna — a darling little blonde, going out with her nurse to walk. Leaving the Palaces for a while, we entered the Pantheon — Santa Maria della Rotunda, the only ancient Temple remaining in Rome.

The exterior is undergoing repairs, but is still grand in its dying glory. The interior — lighted only by the great circular opening above, through which the sun streamed in a flood of light, is interesting only from a historic point of view; the altars have little artistic merit. The tomb of Raphæl is unpretending and almost unnoticeable. That of Victor Emmanuel is loaded with the extremely queer and ugly wreaths, which the Italians consider an indispensable monumental decoration. In Santa Maria sopra Minerva, a Gothic church, we saw Michæl Angelo's famous statue of Christ. I did not like it; it seemed to me too low in stature, and in expression of form and face more human than divine. I do not hesitate to pronounce it far inferior to the Christ of Giacometti, though, perhaps, a more original conception. We went into the church of Il Gesu, in order to see the tomb of Loyola, but as service was being held we were denied the privilege. The church was more gorgeously illuminated than any I ever saw, and the High Altar blazed with lights rising in arches one above the other to the ceiling. There are beautiful paintings here. We then rode to the Capitol again, and entered the Palazzo del Conservatori, having time to notice in the Piazzo the Castor and Pollux, which once adorned the Theatre of Pompey. Within, there is a fine collection of busts of celebrated Italians — formed by Pius VII., as Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Leonardo, &c., and some foreigners, as Angelica Kauffman, Winckelmann, Poussin and Raphæl Mengs; also a collection of ancient bronze utensils and a room of ancient frescoes — the most interesting of which was Brutus condemning his sons to death. In the room of Bronze Statuary I remember the lovely "Thorn Extractor" — a willowy, graceful, lovable boy; a Horse of fine workmanship and a Hercules. I am sorry not to be able to retain any distinct recollection of the celebrated Wolf. In the Picture Gallery I remember Romanelli's St. Cecilia; Guido Reni's Magdalen; Garofolo's Transfiguration and Guercino's St. Petronella raised from her tomb and shown to her bridegroom. In the Sculpture collection: Venus in the act of loosening her hair; Marsyas bound to the tree, Infant Hercules and a Head of Esculapius. At the end of the bust room there is a beautiful monument to Canova. After lunch my sisters and I, taking our letter of introduction, called on W. W. Story, the greatest of American sculptors. We found him most affable and charming. He accompanied us himself through his studios, and we could scarcely keep our admiration of his works within bounds. His Eros, made from a block of purest Carrara marble, which he kept for ten years in order to decide how best to use it, is perfect. A colossal Saul sitting in his chair, lost in impenetrable gloom and awful meditation, is splendid; and a lovely Salome, Shakespeare, Byron, &c., were most interesting. We also saw some fine work by Waldo Story. But soon Mr. Daziano hurried us off to the Barberini Palace,

where the party was waiting for us. Here we saw the far-famed portrait of Beatrice Cenci. It does not represent a beautiful woman, but an ordinary one intensely unhappy; but I do not believe it was painted on the eve of her execution. Portraits of her mother and step-mother with terribly severe faces are near; also a lovely Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto and Adam and Eve driven from Paradise. In another room is a horribly realistic picture of Joseph and Potipher's Wife, and a sweet boy's head by Raphæl Mengs. After this we rode to the Villa Albani, so full of reminiscences of Winckelmann. The grounds are laid off very finely, but too artificially for my taste. There is a fine Bust of Winckelmann at the entrance to the Palace. The colonades are fine and splendidly adorned with antique statues. Juno, Ceres and Hercules were particularly fine. The ceiling of the chief hall represents Apollo and the nine Muses by Raphæl Mengs, and is very gorgeous. One looks at the reflection in a large mirror lying on a table beneath. There are some fine Tapestries here, but few fine paintings. On our way back we entered San Pietro, in Vinculo, and had a long look at Michæl Angelo's glorious Moses in his righteous wrath, which even Viardot acknowledges can compete with any work of the ancients. It is a purely ideal work, and in unity, simplicity and strength, rests and satisfies the mind. In one of the chapels here there was an exquisite Madonna, but I could not discover whose work it was. Again we paused at the church of the Capuchins. Here is Guido's Michæl and the Devil, of which I have been an enthusiastic admirer since first I saw it when a child in the Boston Athenæum. St. Paul restored to sight by Annanias, the best work of Pietro da Cortona, is also a splendid creation. The sacristan then took us down into the Charnel House, where are buried the Friars of the order, whose bones are arranged in all sorts of fantastic shapes, festooned, &c., the skeletons of several being dressed in costume and left standing. There are chapels in the midst of all this, and the monks come here daily to pray and meditate. The friar who accompanied us laughed and joked, and did not seem in the least to apprehend his own inevitable interment here.

Wednesday, May 30th.—Early this morning we visited the Mamertine Prison. Entering through the church of San Pietro in Carcere we descended into a horrible cell, disgustingly dirty, damp and so dark that the taper of our guide but faintly lighted those immediately around him. Another short flight of steps led us to the lower dungeon where Jugurtha, the Catiline conspirators and the brave Vercingetorix were imprisoned and put to death. One is utterly staggered by the first realization of man's awful inhumanity to man. Coming up, we went at once to the Palace of the Cæsars, one of the most thrilling spots in all Rome. How mysterious it seems to stand in the private apartments of the great demi-gods! The frescoes in the Tabli-

num and Triclinium are still bright scarlet and the figures on a portion of the walls quite distinct, and without, the pure white marble of the broken pillars and capitals is thrown around in reckless confusion. One can stand in the midst and say: Here was the Basilica, there the Rostra where the Emperor received the salutations of the people; this the mosaic pavement which he trod daily to reach the portico in front, and that the bar to which prisoners were brought and tried. Around the ruins there is a modern garden now, and standing here on the Palatine one can see the other Six Hills. They are very low indeed, scarcely more than mounds; but of course the general effect is as picturesque and charming as it ever was. Hurrying hence we entered the Borghese Palace and were delighted with the magnificent collection of paintings. The Head of St. Joseph by Guido Reni was remarkably beautiful. There was an interesting portrait of Cæsar Borgia by Raphael; a copy of Correggio's Magdalen; the Danae by Correggio; a perfectly lovely Madonna and child by Carlo Dolce; Diana by Domenichino; the Four Seasons by Albani; a lovely standing, nude Venus; Return of the Prodigal by Guercino; the Marriage of Alexander by Raphael, very much faded and the figures very small, but full of life and joy; a sweet, restful landscape by Paul Potter and a Deposition from the Cross by Vandyck. In the Rospigliosi Palace we saw Guido's far-famed Aurora, a grand ceiling fresco. The boldness of conception and brilliancy of coloring make the work a very fascinating one. The deep blue of the sea and sky, the stars and the radiant women in their chariot personify the most glorious fact in our existence—that light can emerge from darkness. In the Palazzo Reale near by we saw some fine paintings: Domenichino's David; Andromeda chained to the rock, very beautiful; Heads of Twelve Apostles in separate pictures by Rubens; Adam and Eve by Domenichino; Samson destroying the Temple of Dagon by Carracci, very fine. The Tapestries in this Palace were the finest of any that we have seen. Those of one hall in particular were exquisite. There were four scenes: Christ washing the Apostles' feet; the Martyrdom of Stephen; the Scourging in the Temple, and the Last Supper. All are vivid, delicate, rich and impressive. The State apartments are very elegant. The gold room is the finest and richest, the walls being covered with gold damask and all the furniture matching. A full length portrait of Queen Margherita is the real adornment of the room; the opposite one of King Humbert—a short thick-set little soldier, is not æsthetic. The Throne room is in red satin; then follows a blue satin room in which there were two graceful modern statues, nymphs or fairies, and a fine stuffed Eagle swooping down on a lovely pheasant. The long, narrow hall was adorned with some rather pretty marbles, the most noticeable being that of a mother holding grapes above a child's head. The State-dining-room was more gorgeous than words can describe.

THURSDAY, MAY 31st.—All our sight-seeing terminated with yesterday, for the time of our departure being fixed for 2 P. M. to-day, we were left to dispose of the morning as best we could. We spent it in getting keep-sakes and mementoes of great Rome, and my sister and I each purchased a fine painting, hers being Guido's St. Sebastian and mine Carlo Dolce's Madonna and Child. During one of our rides we saw the Tower from which Nero watched the burning of Rome and we became quite familiar with the street "delle Quattro Fontane." How lovely this must have been in its pristine glory! Here where the present cannot be dissevered from the immortal past, where all lovely forms seek to congregate, the seat of a mighty Hierarchy and the residence of the King of Italy, everyone seems to be under a spell and to revel in the privilege of living, if but for a short time, in Rome. It is a strange conglomeration of all that is fascinating. One cannot but see that Italy is awaking from a long sleep. I had no idea that the modern aspect of Rome would be so interesting. The influence of our own great Country can be plainly seen here and everywhere in Europe. We all have been much interested in the ruins of the magnificent Aquiducts, stretching across the Campagna for a great distance and defying the ravages of time. Of the twelve Gates we saw the Porta Maggiore and the Porta San Sebastiano.

NAPLES, SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd.—The "Roman News" for this morning announces that a new Venus was discovered yesterday on the Esquiline. How I should love to go back and see it! We have spent our first day here laboriously. Our first visit was to the Palazzo Reale. Here is the finest stair-case in Europe. It certainly exceeds anything we have seen. Everything is white marble, walls, floor, balustrade, steps and gallery; and portions of this are cut and sculptured splendidly. The immense mirrors and magnificent tapestries of the State apartments are truly regal. There are also many handsome works of art: St. John the Baptist by Guido; Dream of St. Joseph by Guercino; Orpheus, playing on a violin (which we thought rather singular), by Caravaggio; a bronze Bust of Bacchus brought from Herculaneum; a tapestry portrait of Charles X.; several portraits by Titian; Holy Family by Ghirlandajo; an inlaid cabinet; a copy of Domenichino: Communion of St. Jerome; the most exquisite St. Francis by Carlo Dolce; a lovely Nun gazing on the Crucifix; Rebecca at the well, and Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which Coligny stands at his door calm and unmovable before his murderers. We then drove to the celebrated Musée. It is so vast, that for a while we just ran around in the most frantic style, some wanting to see one thing and some another, and all afraid to separate. Among the glorious Greek works here is the Farnese Bull. This, the only ancient work cut from a single block remaining to us, is more wonderful than one can form any idea of. The

story of the dreadful punishment of the guilty woman — to be tied to and dragged by the bull, and the intercession of her rival, is plainly and unerringly depicted. The untameable animal is a splendid creation, and every figure is life-like and individualized. The Farnese Hercules is a magnificent specimen of corporeal strength, free from vulgarity and coarseness. Can a modern conceive this idea? The Venus Callipyge, found on the site of the golden house of Nero, and thought to be a work of Praxiteles, is a graceful, gracious woman, whose tact and delicacy of sentiment are evidently infinite. But, as Bulwer says, the ravishing beauty of the Capitoline Venus pales and fades away before his own Ione — the Psyche of this museum. The expression is faultless; it is purity embodied. The lovely neck, attitude of head and cast of features leave nothing to be desired. There is a grand, colossal Flora; four Venuses; Atlas supporting the globe; the Apollo Citharœdus with chlamys of red porphry; Adonis; Antinous as Bacchus; also a colossal head of Julius Cæsar; statue of Trajan with highly polished bas-relief upon his cuirass; a statue of Lucius Verus; a mosaic of the Battle of Issus; and in the hall of Bronzes, six Dancing Girls with eyes of enamel found at Herculaneum; a fine bust of Plato, and a beautiful statue of Augustus. In the endless Picture Gallery one is even more bewildered. I remember the following: Ribera's St. Jerome terrified by the Trumpet of the Last Judgment; Albert Durer's Nativity; Titian's portraits of Philip II. and Paul III.; Domenichino's Guardian Angel — a lovely and very pleasing painting; Raphæl's Holy Family, called the Madonna col divino amore (judging from Raphæl's pictures, one would never dream that there was such a thing as sorrow or pain on earth, his faces are always serene or ecstatic); Carracci's Dead Christ; the Madonna della Gatta painted by Julio Romano from Raphæl's design, and Correggio's Madonna della Zingarella, a rest during the Flight into Egypt. Beautiful Nativities, Martyrdoms, St Sebastians, St. John the Baptists and Magdalens must haunt the memory of one who has wandered through this lovely Gallery. Returning to our carriages we rode for twelve miles through an uninterrupted city to Pompeii. It is impossible to conceive such degradation as these people live in, happily and contentedly. There are so many who are deformed, diseased or disabled, and these are stationed along the road to spend their lives in begging. Whether this is owing to the climate, local causes, or the negligence of parents I do not know, but it is a most painful reality, and I cannot at all enter into the feelings of those who prize existence for themselves or others at such a cost. The Neapolitans displayed all their leading characteristics for our benefit, shouting, gesticulating and begging and making as much noise as possible. On giving or refusing, they call down all the blessings or all the curses of Heaven upon you. We passed through

one village entirely devoted to the making of maccaroni and saw it in all stages of development. During our ride, Vesuvius was so covered with clouds, that we could see nothing but the base. At last Pompeii was reached. The whole city stands before one, as if two-thirds of every building had been taken off from the top. The marble of the atrium of many houses is as pure and white as if just placed there. We went in the Civil Forum, the Temple of Jupiter, both very imposing with many graceful columns and broad steps; the Triangular Forum, the street of Tombs and many private houses. The rooms of these were so small, that I cannot imagine how the people managed to get along. Frescoes still remain in many, and pedestals, but no other decorations whatever. Everything has been taken to the Naples Museum, and the antiquary and specialist must divide his attention between this and the city. In the streets there are deep ruts made by the chariot wheels. We saw the bread ovens and the mills for grinding. But all faded before the interest we felt in the Houses identified in Bulwer's "Last Days," on whose fascinating pages Pompeii lives again in more than actual splendor. The Temple of Isis, the houses of Arbaces, Panca, Sallust, Diomed and Glaucus! Surely no one can look on them without enthusiasm. Of course there is a monotony about the streets after awhile, and at one moment I felt how little remained, at another, how much. In the Museum, at the entrance, there is a collection of utensils, and a few bodies still lying just as they fell. On our homeward way I was the first to recognize Vesuvius freed from clouds, and could scarcely repress a scream of delight as I saw the blood red flame issuing from its cone-like summit. It is certainly the most exquisitely shaped mountain I ever saw; forming almost a perfect triangle. The light is simply the reflection from the crater on the rising vapor; but as it dies away and revives, the mountain seems to disgorge a molten mass, and it is truly a thrilling sight; terrible in its beauty; beautiful in the midst of the terror it inspires. To-day, while the gentlemen and Mrs. S. made the ascent of Vesuvius, we remaining ladies, Miss L, Mrs. B. and ourselves took a carriage and drove around. After shopping a little we rode to Capodimonte, the suburban Palace of the King of Italy. The grounds here are perfectly beautiful, with numerous avenues of grand old trees, whose branches are so interlaced as to make the vistas look like fairy-land. There is a rather nice aviary here. The interior of the Palace is very handsome. On the first landing there is a bronze Bust of Charles III., King of Sardinia, and higher a white, marble Bust of Victor Emmanuel. In the first room is a lovely model of the Temple of Isis at Pompeii, and in the various rooms the following pictures: Orpheus in the Inferno by Scella; the Storm by Mannini; Death of Phædra — very good — by a modern, de Angelico; Death of Cæsar; Judith standing on the Temple steps with

the head of Holofernes; Sacrifice of Virginia; Departure of Ulysses; and Death of Abel, in which the face of Eve as a brunette is particularly lovely — these last six immensely large pictures occupied the whole of one room, and all were intensely interesting; Michæl Angelo at the bier of Vittoria Colonna was one of the most thoroughly fine pictures I have ever seen. The white satin of the dead one's dress was so perfectly represented as to deceive the senses; the flowers, the aged artist, the animated faces in the distance and the lifeless form were all perfect, all irradiated by the knowledge of the ideal affection that existed between these gifted ones and the intense and irremediable sorrow that the aged survivor must have felt. There was a full length portrait of Napoleon I. in his imperial robes. Ajax and Cassandra and several beautiful portraits of members of the Royal Families of Europe. We then rode to San Martino, an ancient convent broken up by Garibaldi, and now used for a Museum. The church is one of the richest and handsomest we have seen, the walls being like those of the Sistine chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, entirely composed of various colored marbles; and the altar railing white marble encrusted with gems and gold. There are some very fine pictures here by Guido, Guercino, Carravaggio and other celebrities. In the Museum we saw the vessel in which Charles VIII. came to Italy the first time; many curious models of Italian cities, and among other things, a duplicate of the Madonna and Child, we have at home, bearing the name of the donor, but not of the artist, and the date of seventeen hundred and something. In one of the upper rooms, called the Belvedere, we had a view of Naples and its Bay, which makes one understand the famous saying, "Vedi Napoli, poi mori" — for you have seen all that is worth seeing in the way of landscapes. It is an inhabited amphitheatre, with the ocean for its arena, and the mountains for its overarching canopy.

Monday, June 4th.—Yesterday we attended the English Church and heard a most impressive sermon from Deut. xx, 8.—"What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? let him go and return unto his house lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart." I don't think I can ever forget the sweet and holy influence of that hour. In the afternoon we rested and enjoyed our religious books and the precious hours flew only too fast. We have had a charming excursion down the Bay to-day. It has seemed strange to turn from Rome with its innumerable Historical associations to a city altogether devoid of them and unconnected with any very famous names or events, for it is only as a platform that Naples has served the great of other countries. So it was refreshing to touch at Sorrento the birth-place of the immortal Tasso. I could not wonder that he was a poet, for the picturesque little town built up on the edge of the cliffs and looking down on the Siren waters must certainly shame every one into poetic feeling. But

Capri was our destination and just before landing we stopped for the Grotto. There are numerous low openings in the side of the mountain and through one of these is the entrance to the famous Blue Grotto. Only three persons can occupy one boat, so A. and N. went with Mr. M. and I with Mr. L. and Mr. J. All are told to stoop as the boat enters the cave, for fear of injury from the projecting rocks. As our boat entered, two others were coming out and here we all were wedged in so that motion was stopped. The crystal clearness of the water permitting us to see to the depth of thirty-five feet did not contribute to our reassurance at this moment. I confess that I was much frightened. But the rowers pushed the boats apart after a little effort and in we went. The exquisite color of the water makes one think that blue has never been seen before; so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue are these waters dyed. Of course day light fades and the grotto becomes more and more uncanny as one proceeds. At one point there appeared a nude man, the object of whose appearance in that state I could not then imagine. Afterwards we learned that he occupied himself in diving for the delectation of visitors and a good fee of course. Here our guide began talking in the most rapid and unintelligible Italian about taking us in farther. We tried French and English on him and failing so far, all began gesticulating and shouting "Out, *out*, OUT!" until it was truly ridiculous. When all boarded the tug again, mutual congratulations were exchanged. We disembarked and lunched at the village of Capri, where my sister N., Mr. D., Mr. M., and Mrs. S. took a donkey ride up the mountain, about the fun of which I fear we shall never hear the last. The extraordinary beauty of the women here struck us all and we could easily believe in their Greek origin. Returning, lovely Italian music cheered and enlivened us nearly all the way. The songs of the little boys who dived for centissimi were perfectly lovely. Altogether we had a most enjoyable day. The Public Gardens here are quite pretty, adorned with fine statues, copies of the Apollo Belvedere, the Meleager, Dying Gladiator, &c., &c. The Quay is very imposing and at night when illuminated, a wonderful scene. I hate to leave without another visit to the Museum.

FLORENCE, FRIDAY, JUNE 8th.—We left Napoli Tuesday afternoon and to our great regret were compelled to preceed without Miss L. and her father, the former feeling unwell and deeming it expedient to rest awhile. An interesting ride brought us back to the Eternal City, and in the morning's ride to the Depôt we saw again many familiar and grand old objects. On the way here we saw the Lake of Thrasimene and the site of the disastrous battle between the Romans and Carthagenians. As we only had these two days here we started out early Thursday morning prepared to rush. The grand old Duomo was our first stopping place. It is undergoing repairs both internally and

externally, but the ancient work and designs can be plainly seen. Its walls are of brick encrusted with black and white marble and it is adorned with statues within and without. Its dome by Brunelleschi is wider than that of the Pantheon or St. Peter's. In the nave of the mighty Temple men look like children and the dim light struggles through beautifully stained windows. The paintings in the dome by Zuccheri and Vasari are still very fine and the collossal statues in niches produce a grand effect. The air of dilapidation and desolation here seems right and proper, for it is as a monument of that which once *was* that it seems most fitting to view it and all the old Cathedrals, not as a factor in the life of modern times. By the way, do our thinkers and writers consider what a large proportion of the world's inhabitants are now, at this present moment, living in a past age, and that the fact is one which cannot be ignored? The Campanile, like that of Pisa, is built separately, and was thought so beautiful by Charles V. as to be worthy to be enclosed in a glass case. It is built of different colored marble and is light, yet substantial, lofty and graceful. But the Baptistery is the most interesting of the three. The central door by Ghiberti was thought by Michael Angelo to be worthy to be the portal of Paradise, and Dante mentions it in his Inferno. This chief door is indeed wonderful, containing ten distinct Scripture Scenes in alto-relievo; which, while it may transcend the limits of the plastic art, delights and entrances every beholder. Each figure is so distinct, the salient points of the History so seized upon and forcibly depicted that it is almost like reading the Old Testament. The work is so exquisitely fine and every detail so perfect that the great master's judgment cannot surprise anyone. Within there is a very, very ancient air, the frescoes of Heaven and Hell being epitomes of the ideas of the Middle Ages, and those of the latter are as grotesque as they are horrible. The altar-piece is of white marble—the figure of St. John surrounded by clouds and angels. We then hurried to the Loggia de Lanzi, erected in 1375 and so called because it was the guard house of the lancers in the reign of Cosmo I. It is a spacious open porch filled with the most magnificent sculptures. The marble group of the Rape of the Sabines, a very ugly subject I think, but a well executed work on the right; the bronze Perseus with the head of Medusa, bold and striking, on the left; and within the Rape of Polyxena. Ajax supporting a dead warrior, six beautiful women brought from Rome, Judith with the head of Holofernes and Hercules struggling with Nestor. From this portico one looks out on the Piazza in which Savonarola was burned to death. It seems a privilege to belong to that army of pilgrims who keep alive the memory of his noble life and heart-rending death. In this light a tour through Europe has a real significance; who can tell whether Providence has not permitted the spell of material

beauty to serve as a means for the preservation of moral truth? Near this is the Palazzo Vechio, in which there are numerous fine old frescoes and the gallery of which serves as an entrance into the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. How can I describe all the marvels of these wondrous museums! We first entered the Tribune or Octagon hall, in the centre of which stands the Venus de Medici, a beauty without a rival. Having the present field entirely to myself, I will not hesitate to say that I think she is just a little bit too conscious of her beauty. The expression when seen from the right is very captivating, but the whole falls far short of the Capitoline Venus. On one side is the Grinder with an expression of mysterious agony; on the other two athletes wrestling with each other in all the exuberance of animal spirits and conscious life and health. Opposite is the Apollino, an hermaphrodite, and a figure of the most perfect grace and sensuous beauty; the face expresses more complete happiness than any other Greek statue we have seen, and the carelessness, ease and abandon of the whole figure and especially of the arm thrown behind the head betray a genius without a parallel. A Dancing Faun completes the unique group. The walls are covered with exquisite pictures: Raphæl's "La Fornarina" — the dark, glowing face of an Italian beauty; St. John in the Wilderness and the Madonna of the Goldfinch, both pervaded with that holy joy and ideal purity which characterize Raphæl's best works; Andrea del Sarto's Madonna with St. John and St. Francis; nothing could be more unlike than these two painters' conceptions of beauty and style; there is a vague unrest, a far-away, dreamy thoughtfulness about this lovely woman, that is as charming in its way as Raphæl's repose. The other pictures here are Guido Reni's Virgin; two Venuses by Titian; a grave, stern Holy Family by Michæl Angelo, Correggio's Madonna, and Albert Durer's Adoration of the Magi. There are a number of small halls, all containing gems. Among them are Leonarda's Head of Medusa, in which the hair is changed to serpents; Albertinelli's Visit of Mary to Elizabeth; Carravaggio's Medusa, in which the head is convex and very curious; Cristoforo Allori's Magdalen; Carlo Dolce's Santa Lucia, an exquisite face; Titian's Duke and Duchess of Urbino, Madonna and Flora, the last exciting loudly expressed enthusiasm. One of the vestibules contains a horse in marble; two quadrangular columns, on one of which is a head of Cybele, and on the other a bust of Jupiter; a wild boar, which is a celebrated Greek antique, and two wolf-dogs. Among the noticable busts in the corridor are those of Nero, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, Alexander Severus and Caracalla; there is also a fine copy of the Laocoön by Bandinelli. The Hall of Niobe is devoted exclusively to the representation of the mother bereaved of her children; the mother and one child occupying the head of the room, and single statues of the twelve or fourteen youths and maidens in the act of be-

ing killed, and all in different attitudes occupying the sides of the room. This attempt to express deep feeling is beyond the province of sculpture, and marks the decline of art. In this room an artist was copying a beautiful picture of the archangel Gabriel by Guido. The bridge over the Arno leading into the Pitti Palace is a very, very long one, and is entirely lined with pictures; innumerable cardinals and Popes, then all the Medici family, all with dreadful expressions, Catherine, Marie and the children leaving an indellible impression, then portraits of English celebrities, and, among others, Nell Gwyn. The pictures in the Pitti Palace are legion; it would be folly in a mere tourist to attempt to notice each one; the charm consists in wandering around vaguely and breathing this atmosphere of art and refinement. But one must stop before Raphæl's Madonnas-della Seggiola, del Impannata, and del Baldachino. I do not remember ever seeing a copy of this last one. The Virgin is seated on a throne and surrounded by angels and fathers of the Church; it has more of an ecclesiastical tone than any of the others. There are also striking portraits of Popes by Raphæl, a lovely, dark Madonna by Murillo, Titian's Magdalen with red-golden hair and wild, untamable beauty; a fine copy of Correggio's sweet, repentant Magdalen; Carlo Dolce's Magdalen, with an expression of intense sadness in her dark, upturned eyes; an exquisite St. John the Evangelist; Andrea del Sarto's Assumption; a fearful Judith and terrifying martyrdoms. Among the noticable statues was Charity as a woman of melting tenderness and fondness; a Victory triumphantly inscribing her children's names upon a shield; Canova's Venus, pretty in execution, but lacking in force and originality. Michæl Angelo's picture of the Three Fates is one of the most striking things here. Every ceiling is covered with pictures as beautiful, glowing and attractive as those on the walls. There are magnificent tables in each room, one of which would swallow up a respectable fortune. The halls of Sculpture deserve a separate day, but this we did not have to give, and were obliged to enjoy them as best we could in a given time. There is a Venus Genetrix, Venus at the Bath, Cupid and Psyche, and a sweet Urania. In the corridor there are also several Marsyases, a beautiful Juno and many fine antiques. There is an intensely interesting hall containing portraits of artists painted by themselves from Raphæl, Leonarda, &c., all the way down to the moderns and loveliest of all is Mme. Vigée Le Brun. By this time we all felt faint and weak, and stopped at a Café, where, after some recuperation, we rushed to Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The floor is paved with brick, and all is stately, majestic and venerable. The monument to Dante, over which the colossal figure of the great Poet sits and broods, is, of course, the most interesting. Graceful women, as Italy, poetry, &c., weep and mourn over the tombs of Michæl Angelo, Galileo,

Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great names in Italian History, but there is nothing distinctive or remarkable about these tombs; there is a sad lacking of national pride and interest in them. We three then left the party and drove to the Bank, and, after transacting our business, took a letter of introduction and went to call on Mme. Cooley. Her residence proved to be a palatial one; we drove in the court, were escorted up the broad stair-way by an attendant in full dress, and met by another in the ante-room, which was prettily adorned with statuettes on pedestals and divans. To our regret the attendant announced that Mme. C. was just about to step into her carriage, and this evening, after returning to the Hotel, we received a note from her, expressing her regret in being obliged to fulfill an engagement at that hour, and asking us to call again. But to-day has been full to the brim. This morning we visited the Medicean chapel. The walls and floor are composed of variegated marble, and in the panels on the walls there are medallions inlaid with lapis lazuli, jasper, agate, &c., representing the coats-of-arms of the different Tuscan cities. The frescoes in the dome, representing scenes from the Old Testament, are peculiarly brilliant and beautiful; Adam and Eve; Cain slaying Abel; Abraham and Isaac, &c., &c. Ranged around the circular chapel are the giant sarcophagi of Ferdinand II., Cosmo II., Ferdinand I., Francisco I. and Cosmo III. There are two elegant bronze statues, one in gilt bronze, the other in dark green, and each tomb is surmounted by a gold pillow or cushion on which rests a crown, both of which are studed with the most magnificent gems, — emeralds, rubies and diamonds. Wherever the eye turns it meets glowing colors and wondrous mechanism. One feels mystified in attempting to account for such an expenditure of wealth and talent. But the great obscure, of course, need something peculiarly startling to remind the world that they once lived, and that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" is the one article in an Italian's creed. As patrons of art, the Medici are, indeed, worthily remembered. In the New Sacisty, attached to the church of San Lorenzo there are monuments to other members of the family which are universally esteemed the master-pieces of Michæl Angelo. Over the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici is the figure of the Duke in a sitting posture, commonly called "Il Penseroso," so perfectly does the meditative position personify thought. Reclining on the tomb are the statues Twilight and Dawn under the forms of a more than mortal man and woman. Opposite is the tomb of Guliano de Medici, different in execution, but the same in conception, the figures in this one being called Day and Night. Grand, brooding, stern and mournful, one cannot doubt that the great artist here betrayed his idea of human existence in its most awful and hopeless aspects. How totally different these are from the great Greek works! But surely the adequate delineation of a profound

passion must vie with that of a serene and god-like tranquility, and to us moderns these great works mean more than the sublimest efforts of past ages. They are placed here to the very worst advantage, crowded together in a little room with white walls, and devoid of every attraction. It is delightful to see our conductor's enthusiasm over the great works of his countrymen. He escorted us to the church of the Annunziata with expectations raised to the very highest point. It took us some time to understand the object of our visit here. But at last we discovered that it was to initiate us into mysteries not to be attained elsewhere. In the vestibule and cloisters of this ancient church one is transported to another age, another life, almost another world. Here are the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, untouched and unprofaned by any subsequent restorations. No handsome gilded frames, no ebonized easels, no modern improvements display these to the best advantage. Oh, how abstract, simple and charming must have been the lives of the monks who once paced up and down these grand, old cloisters! Here one feels that art must have been loved with a disinterestedness that purified and elevated the whole nature. This visit was a splendid preparation for the Convent of San Marco, which ought not to be entered in other than a reverential spirit. No one could wish for a more dreamy, mystic, queer old spot than this. We implored our guide to take us to Savonarola's cell, but for some impenetrable reason this great privilege was not to be obtained. Well, at all events, we know that he walked all through these vast halls, and here, perhaps, Romola wended her way when she came to unburden her distressed soul; for who can feel, while here, that this creation of genius is not as real a person as the great patriot himself? Both cast over Florence a radiance of unearthly beauty. The Convent is now used for a Museum, and here stands the great David of Michæl Angelo, in the midst of a large collection of casts of his works by other artists. The David is so huge, and the expression so fierce and scornful, that at first I did not like it. But the more one studies it, the more attractive it becomes. One understands the wrath that dilates the quivering nostrils, and the indignation that hardens the youthful mouth as he stands forward to answer the challenge made to the armies of the living God. The same passionate feeling that reveals itself in all of the great sculptors' best works is stamped upon this one. Near this is a splendid gallery of paintings, affording a magnificent field for the student of Tuscan art. Here are the works of Fra Fillipo Lippi, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Luini, Perugino Cigoli, Aretino and others, in whose histories and works one suddenly discovers an interest which would be totally incomprehensible in our own country. Coronations of the Virgin, Virgins adoring the infant Saviour, Assumptions, Crucifixions, &c., all angular, stiff, unnatural, are redeemed both in subject and treatment by a pathos, a reverence and

a devotion that is unknown elsewhere in art. It is this lifting of the individual out of self and self-interest into a broader realm of thought and sympathy that the old world holds as a reward for all who brave the dangers of the sea to visit and behold her rightly. In the Academy of Fine Arts there are some beautiful modern paintings. "Raphæl dying," by Morgari Adolfo, is exceedingly beautiful; the wasted frame and mournful expression of the youthful genius, and the anguish in the faces of those around his bed, present a scene long to be remembered. The Three Marys at the Tomb, by Gaspero, shows us three lovely women with the "tender grace" of a sorrow that is inseparable from a beautiful woman. Death of a Patrician, who is being carried by monks to San Salvi; Entrance of Charles VIII. into Florence by Berzuoli Giuseppe, one of the gayest pictures imaginable, with prancing steeds, bright-haired pages, monks, noblemen and royal ladies; Herod reproved by John the Baptist; Last attack of the Italians on San Miniato in 1859; a fine Battle Scene, and, most beautiful of all, "Fra Fillipo Lippi discovering his love to a Young Nun," in whose delicate, blonde face there is a rapture, an ecstasy that is thrilling, and a Portrait of Dante are among the most remarkable works. After lunch at a nice Café, Mr. Daziano brought us up at the church of Santa Maria Novella to behold a treasure which no American would ever discover for himself. In this wierd, uncanny and mouldy old place is shrined the wonderful Virgin of Cimabue, a national heirloom that is sacred to every true Italian. It is certainly the oddest thing we have seen, so severe, pompous and preposterous as to give rise to anything but pleasurable emotions. And yet this fantastic being at once takes a place in the heart of every tourist from which it is never to be dislodged. We feel that we have been taken behind the scenes and shown the household treasures and the inner life of a people whose whole history is a romance. Here are also the queerest frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi, Simone Memnie and Giotto, in which the gloomiest mysticism of the Middle Ages is portrayed by means of puerile stories and childish caricatures. To-day, too, we had a delightful time in the beautiful stores of Florence, though it almost makes one feverish to choose a few out of the wilderness of statuettes and mosaics for which this fair city is famous. Surely this lovely visit will long "haunt the greenest spot of memory's waste."

VENICE, TUESDAY, JUNE 12th.—Our journey here through the numerous tunnels of the Apennines was quite a trying and fatiguing trip, and then to be asked immediately on alighting at the station to get into one of these flat, treacherous looking, black gondolas, and ride a considerable distance on the sullen, slimy canal seemed to cap the climax. But we glided up the Grand Canal so smoothly and soothingly, that it proved rather restful than otherwise. Our rooms on one side

look out on the water, and on another on the court of the Hotel, and at first my sense of imprisonment was almost intolerable. I did not know, then, or realize that at the other side of the Hotel there was a way of getting out into the streets, and those the most fascinating streets imaginable. We arrived here Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, thinking the gentlemen of our party had reached their limit in accompanying us to the English church, proposed that we should all attend the Presbyterian service. Starting off in a gondola to wind our way through the floating city, we "glided up her streets as in a dream" — after a good many turns on finding canals blockaded, and were landed on a square devoid of anything pertaining to a church. After a search we found a placard with a hand pointing down a long, narrow passage in an ordinary building, and, going in, found another pointing up a steep flight of steps. But all endeavors to get in the room designated were fruitless, and, on coming down, we discovered that the service would not begin until half past twelve. As it was not more than eleven o'clock, we resolved to try the English church. After a long, warm walk over several bridges, and stopping to lift up the heavy curtain of a Catholic church, and look in on the full orchestra and gorgeous display, we reached the Palazzo Contarini degli Scerigni, and, climbing countless flights of steps, reached the picture gallery, where service was being held. There were only a few paintings, but these and the marble pillars and floors did seem so strange and incongruous, that it was hard to fix the attention during the exceedingly small portion of the service that remained. We were accompanied here by a thoroughly delightful, old, English gentleman, who advised us to stop in a Café on our homeward journey and take something to sustain us in this strange region. So we went in a German, open-air Café, and, after they had made the orange-ice for us, we were refreshed enough to start on. On asking for gateau, they brought us cracked ice, so we held as little communication as possible. In the afternoon there was the unveiling of a Bust of Garibaldi in the Piazza di San Marco, the bands were out, and the excitement was very great. All together, this was the strangest Sunday I ever spent. Monday morning we visited first of all the Palace of the Doges. Ascending the Giants' Staircase, with the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune at the head, we walked through the regal arcade and looked out upon the court in which the Bull Fights were held. Then entering the Palace we ascended the Golden Staircase and began the tour of the great picture gallery, for this is all that now remains as a vestige of the past. We almost thought we had not seen any pictures yet, when the vivid colors, life-like characterization and overpowering brilliancy of the Venetian School burst upon us. Henry II. arriving in Venice by Vicentio; the Doge Cigona in presence of the Saviour; Venice on the lion against

Europa on the bull; the impersonation of the Queen of the Adriatic —all of these are so dazzlingly brilliant, that words cannot give the faintest conception of them. The Doges are clothed in ermine and satin, and even when kneeling before the Saviour wear the haughty expression indicative of absolute power. Crossing the Red Sea by Titian; Nuptials of St. Catherine (she is married to the Infant Saviour, but, though very eccentric, this is a beautiful picture), the Virgin in Glory and Adoration of the Saviour, all by Tintoretto; the Battle of Lepanto, in which Don John, of Austria, figures conspicuously; Venetia with Faith, Justice and Peace, by Paul Veronese, constitute another detachment, and equally beautiful. The Rape of Europa by Paul Veronese, thought by many to be the gem of this entire collection, certainly does represent perfect physical existence, but it is by no means a favorite with me. Then we entered the hall of the "Chief Three," a room, I suppose, which has witnessed more Satanic cruelty, cold-blooded treachery and inhumanity than any other in existence. The ceiling and frieze are gorgeously painted, some of the figures seem just about to speak, so vividly is the action portrayed. Around the wall is a high daedo, and in this a secret door which leads to the Bridge of Sighs and the prisons. In the Salla della Bussola we saw the opening in the wall called the "Lion's Mouth," in which secret denunciations were thrown. In the hall of the Great Council the frieze consists of the portraits of seventy-two Doges, with an empty space for that of Marino Faliero, who was executed for his crimes. Surely there is nothing more wierd, mysterious and fascinating than the History of Venice. It was almost impossible to realize that I, my very own self, was here in the midst of the scenes gloated over in childhood as more unreal than any furnished by fiction. In one of the halls we saw Tintoretto's Paradise, said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. It covers the entire east wall, and some of the cherubs and women are indescribably lovely. The hall "dello Scrutino," or voting chamber, is filled with magnificent, Historical pictures, and also the Last Judgment of Palma Giovanni. We are getting almost as much interested in the private history of the painters as in the works themselves; so many more of their figures are taken from living models than I had supposed. They seem to make their wives go to Heaven or Hell, according to the humor they are in at the moment. We went through the Library and the Archæological Museum, where we saw the famous Map of the World made by a monk in 1457. It is exceedingly curious. There are some fine marbles here; ancient copies and duplicates, the celebrated Venus of Cnidos, Cupid, Juno, the Muses, &c. We crossed over the Bridge of Sighs. It is a little corridor scarcely more than wide enough for two to walk abreast, the windows being cut out, ornamentally, from the solid stone. We descended into the two ranges of

prisons known in history as the Pozzi. Not a ray of light has ever penetrated into these awful cells. One has to creep into them through appertures like windows. There are other smaller openings, on the outside of which the Confessor stood to shrive the condemned one within. Our guide said he would show us how dark these cells were by going off with the light. We felt appalled by the horrible gloom, and the knowledge that we could never find our way back without him. We came back through the Palace, and by an exit that led us into St. Mark's. Oh, how wierd, gloomy and magnificent this old pile appears! It is totally unlike anything we have seen. One sees the whole of Venetian history unroll itself here. Underneath the High Altar are the bones of St. Mark. Behind this are two delicate, translucent columns of alabaster brought from the Temple of Solomon. The bronze font belongs to the year 1300. There is a slab at the chief entrance commemorating the reconciliation of Alexander III. and Barbarossa. The ceiling is almost entirely composed of mosaics, the back-ground being gold, and the figures strange, gigantic beings like those of Cimabue, Taddeo Gaddi, &c. The exterior of St. Mark's is more imposing than the interior. It is a strange conglomeration of architectures, burdened with its hoary cupolas, and bending beneath the weight of years and the strifes it has witnessed. The external frescoes, now faded and defaced, the famous Grecian horses, prancing with the same life and animation they knew more than two thousand years ago, the roosts and nests for the sacred pigeon running all along the entablature, all go to make up a sight that is unique and marvelously impressive. Three flag-staffs stand in front of the Cathedral bearing the Venetian colors, stripes of red, white and nile green in richest silk. On one side is the Campanile, a genuine antique, and on the other the Torre del'l Orlogio with two bronze figures to strike the hours with ponderous wands. In the Piazzetta near by are the two lofty granite columns which have long stood as trophies of the triumph of Venice over the East, and which Ruskin declares the most beautiful things in the world. One is surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other by St. Theodore treading on a crocodile. The great square of St. Mark is bounded by the old and new Palaces of the Procurators, the lower stories now consisting of restaurants and the most brilliant of stores. In this fascinating arcade we now took lunch, and then, resuming our seats in the gondolas, visited the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo. It is very ancient, and has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice, because many of the Doges and Venetian naval commanders are buried here. Some of the monuments represent them on horseback, and others are immense façades covered with as many as fifteen allegorical figures. There is a copy of Titian's Peter Martyr here, and in a chapel the ruins of beautiful marble reliefs

(representing the joys and sorrows of life in all its stages), which are well worth a visit. We then started off on a long gondola-ride to the Armenian Monastery of St. Lazarus and the Isle of Lido. The former is certainly an idealistic abode — the gardens, the corridors, the refectory and the spotless aspect of everything leave a charming impression. A very happy looking monk conducted us around. They have a fine picture gallery, a splendid collection of illuminated missals, a handsome library containing the writing-table and ink-stand of Lord Byron, who elected to live here during his stay in Venice; a cabinet of curiosities where we saw some lace "made by American girls." We all registered in the Visitors' List, which contains the autographs of Princes, Princesses, authors, artists and people of all ranks and nationalities. Their chapel is very peculiar, indicating their doctrine and belief, which the monk told us was midway between that of the Roman and the Greek Church. The monks spend their time in educating young men, and maintaining their faith in this quarter of the world. The Lido is an island washed on one side by the Lagoon, and on the other by the Adriatic. There are horses here, and I suppose a carriage drive is one of the baits held out to allure visitors. There were a good many here, some enjoying the delights of a sea-bath, and others watching their antics. This morning we visited the Academy of Fine Arts and saw the following works: Titian's Assumption — the gem of the collection. It represents the Madonna in the full bloom of mature womanhood, ecstatically happy and divinely powerful. The coloring is deep and rich, while the cherubs are fascinating, and the Apostles beneath, standing on terra firma, quite as awe-struck and amazed as they would have been if they had seen the mother of their Master ascend as He did. Tintoretto's Adam and Eve; Marco Basaiti's Calling of the Sons of Zebedee, very interesting; Tintoretto's Virgin and Child with three Senators, very eccentric and curious; Titian's Burial of Christ and Visit of Mary to Elizabeth; Giovanni Bellini's Virgin and Six Saints, fine; Tintoretto's St. Mark delivering a slave condemned to death, an immense and thrilling picture; and his Death of Abel, too dark to be enjoyed; Bonifazio's Adoration of the Magi, original, and Judgment of Solomon in regard to the two mothers and their children; Titian's John the Baptist in the Wilderness. The Thirteenth Hall contained works by Giovanni Bellini, many of which are stiff and quaint, but works of true genius, and constituting the inauguration of a new school. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Halls contain the immense paintings; Titian's Presentation of the Virgin, said to have been executed in his fifteenth year, and one of his best works; Paris Bordone's Fisherman presenting to the Doge the ring he received from St. Mark; Bonifazio's Lazarus and the Rich Man; Paul Veronese's Virgin with Sts. Joseph, John the Baptist, Justina, Francis and

Jerome, in which John the Baptist is a child, and the modern saints grown men (?) Gentile Bellini's miraculous finding of a fragment of the true Cross during a procession in the Grand Canal, in which the celebrated Caterino Conaro figures prominently. Then there are the ten large pictures illustrating the life of St. Ursula, which made such a profound impression in the Middle Ages, and the invention of which was calculated to produce a fine, moral effect. Paul Veronese's Supper in the Rich Man's House, a gorgeous display, and another Miraculous Cross work by Gentile Bellini, complete this circuit. Down stairs there was a lovely small picture of the Marys around the Dead Body of Christ, and a very queer one of Adam and Eve meeting John the Baptist in Purgatory. There was a portrait of Canova when dead, showing a fine face; and here we saw an urn containing his right hand, and, on a bracket above, the chisel which that hand has rendered sacred to his countrymen. There was a hall of modern paintings, but only a few fine ones. The Prophet Daniel, looking very much like a young and radiant woman, in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar; the Death of Rachel, very pathetic, and a Procession in St. Mark's Square were the only ones I cared for. Then we went all through the Glass Factory, and, better still, the store, containing glass as beautiful as precious stones. The church of the Frari was our next destination. It contains a superb monument to Titian, a monument which makes those of Westminster seem absurd. It is about the size of the exterior of a good-sized chapel, with symbolical statues, reliefs of his best works, and a statue of himself. Opposite is the tomb of Canova, being the work which he himself designed for the monument of Titian. It is in the form of a pyramid, and though much less elaborate than that of Titian, more moving and impressive. After another ride we alighted at the Rialto, and walked through the busy thoroughfare in the midst of a bridge. Steps of ascent and descent extend throughout, and shops half in-doors and half out, vegetable markets and excited groups of peasants make this one of the most animated and thoroughly foreign scenes that American eyes can behold. Of course it is invested with a peculiar charm to all who have reveled in the "Merchant of Venice." Returning, we rushed for a few moments in the church of the Scalzi, splendidly sculptured within and without. At one of the altars was a picture of a Nun which was ravishingly beautiful. I must not forget to indite that, while sailing on the Grand Canal, the names of the ancient Palaces were told us, and that we saw those of Lucretia Borgia, Caterina Conaro and Desdemona. But all are more dingy, faded and time-worn than most persons would suppose from the usual descriptions. We have enjoyed the Italian music here extravagantly. Every evening gondolas lighted with transparencies glide up, and, to the accompaniment of several violins and guitars, solos and choruses by both

men and women, are rendered with an artlessness, a pathos and a melodiousness that is truly captivating.

VERONA, JUNE 13th.—After much deliberation we concluded to take in this genuine antique on our way to Milan. I am glad we did, for it is sui generis. The amphitheatre, or Arena, is more substantial and more perfect than the Coliseum. There is not a break in its mighty walls, and the dens for the wild beasts, the stair-ways and the galleries remain just as they were in the days of barbarism. In the town there are many Roman remains; the Porta dei Borsari and the Arco di Leoni are richly ornamented, time-defying gate-ways; the walls of the city still slant around it; the old bridges over the Adige, which rushes along madly here, are quaint and picturesque, and the entire population seems to live as if there were no modern improvements, and no such thing as the present age. The Piazza delle Erbe, or vegetable market, presents a thoroughly foreign picture. Not only vegetables, but a little of everything under the sun is sold here, and when we saw it, the long, narrow square was crowded with the slovenly, slouchy buyers and sellers, all taking their time, for the conception of the dignity of work in and for itself seems never to have entered their heads. Here stands a fountain said to have been erected by King Berengarius in the tenth century, and near by is a brilliant fresco, by Guilio Romano, on the exterior of a house, and a pillar consisting of a single block of marble, on which the Lion of St. Mark once stood. The Palazza del Consiglio has been completely restored, and presents a beautiful appearance with its external frescoes, busts and columns of white marble and curious architecture. The Cathedral is an old Gothic structure ornamented externally and most incongruously with statues of Roland and Oliver. Within the chef d'œuvre is an Assumption by Titian, in which the brunette Madonna is a glorious creature, strong to rescue and courageous to defend. In this square stands a fine, colossal figure of Dante. But the most wonderful works here are the Tombs of the Scaligeri. Like the pyramid of Cestius, these monuments perpetuate no identities, it is the workmanship itself that is remarkable. The carving and sculpturing is so complicated, delicate and graceful, that it reminds one of lace work or fine drawing. Gothic canopies, supported and surrounded by angelic figures, rise above the recumbent effigies of the father and son, each forming a splendid pile, entirely separate and distinct, and both surrounded by an iron railing of curious and ingenius workmanship. This stands in the heart of the city, and makes one realize how strong are the links in the continuity of history. We finished our tour of Verona by a visit to the house and the tomb of the immortal Juliet. The house is almost too modern looking, standing in a comparatively wide street, and being three or four stories high. Over the entrance

there is a slab recording in Italian the established fact that this was the residence of the Capulets, and of the young girl whom the great dramatist has invested with a world-wide interest. Continuing on the same road, we were told to dismount at a very strange looking place. Passing through a *stable* and a long kitchen garden, we at last reached an odd, little shanty, and, going in, found a stone trough, which our guide exultingly pronounced to be the object of our search. It was filled with visiting cards, kindly left, I suppose, to reassure other tourists that they need not feel lonely in their mortification. But I, generously intend to publish, that in order to enjoy Juliet one must go, not to Verona, but to the pages of the most ideal love-story that was ever written.

MILAN, JUNE 15th.—When we resumed our seats in the cars we were completely exhausted by our laborious sight-seeing in Verona and, after taking a due interest in the extensive fortifications, I was indulging in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, when my sister aroused me to enjoy Lake Garda, glorified by the unrivalled beauty of an Italian sunset. It is said to be nineteen hundred feet deep, and surrounded by the Apennines, varied by islands and peninsulas, and adorned with one little boat, whose reflection made it seem as much below as above the serene waters: it was indeed a picture that I would not have missed for anything. We rode along its shores until the myriad hues of sky and water faded into the gray of twilight, and we were left to muse on the glories of the city not made with hands, whose beauties can only be shadowed forth by nature's marvels. Milan is a splendid, modern city, with brilliant stores under the most fascinating arcade, called the Galeria Vittorio Emanuele, and new public buildings, hotels, &c. The rain was coming down steadily yesterday morning, so we agreed to wait awhile before setting out. But when we girls came down in the court-yard to mail letters, we found that the gentlemen had started off to see the Cathedral, and perceiving no cessation in the steady fall of the rain, determined to do likewise. The exterior of this world-renowned edifice, so unlike anything else in ancient or modern times, is so well represented in pictures of all descriptions, that I could feel no surprise on beholding it. Instead of this becoming a new and marvelous feature in our experience, we simply seemed to become a part of the well-known picture, and it seemed perfectly natural to be standing in front of it. But this feeling was completely dissipated as soon as we stood in the interior. I was not prepared for the solemn vaulting of the Gothic roof and arches, and the vast extent of the nave and aisles. Moreover we had encountered Mr. Daziano on the way, and he had hurried on to assemble the party, after we agreed to meet there and make the tour of the city. But once within the immense church, and we felt lost; the utter impossi-

bility of finding anyone practically proved what a world it is in itself. For a few moments we felt desperate, and when just about to retrace our steps, chance brought us up beside our companions. The absence of chapels, pictures, seats, &c., contributes greatly to the impression of grandeur and vastness here. The capitals of the clustered pillars are adorned with stone statues of men and women of natural size, and the fretted work is superior to that of any in the world. All is of a beautiful, creamy color, and there is a unity and simplicity of design that is refreshing after the over-loaded decoration of the typical, Italian church. In the South transept there is a fine monument in black marble, erected by Pius IV. to his brothers Giacomo and Gabriel de Medici, and a little farther on is the statue of St. Bartholomew flayed. Every muscle is visible, and it is the most curious work of art in existence. The name of the artist is involved in as great obscurity as if he belonged to pre-historic times, whereas we know from the very nature of the subject and the morbid treatment he must have lived at a comparatively recent date. Another curiosity here is a magnificent, bronze Candelabrum studded with gems, and made as early as the thirteenth century. It is in the form of a tree, and very odd looking. The splendid, stained glass windows of the choir represent three hundred Scripture scenes, and are thought by many to be the finest in the world. The colors are certainly wonderful. But one window in the aisle, representing St. Michæl and the Dragon, pleased me more than any other. While we were making this tour a service was in process, apparently only for men. We watched several nuns come out of the sacristy and prepare to enter the chancel. They arranged each other's veils and dresses with as much care as possible, and this glance at life behind the scenes will always lend its coloring to our recollections of the Milan Duomo. There are two side altars with very beautiful reliefs by Busti, monuments to Popes, &c. But I was exceedingly anxious to go down into the crypt, and, an opportunity being offered, hailed it with delight. Here is the tomb of San Carlo Borromeo, one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. The walls of the vault are decorated with reliefs in solid silver of scenes in the life of the Saint. The sarcophagus is of crystal, and through this can be seen the body arrayed in pontifical robes, and adorned with precious stones of every variety. The crosiers and mitre are masses of gems, while ornaments hang from the top of the casket, votive offerings deposited there by the nobility of Europe. There is a cross of emeralds and diamonds, which is the most perfectly beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw. Dickens speaks of the mockery of the flashing gems in the presence of death. Strangely incongruous does it seem that they should serve as allurements to the tomb of one who spent his life in Christ-like devotion to the poor and suffering! Leaving the

Duomo, we went in the Palazzo Reale, which is very near. I think it is more elegant than those of Genoa, Rome or Naples. On the first landing there is a white marble bust of Napoleon, the features of which are so enormous that all resemblance is lost. And among the many beautifully frescoed ceilings, one represents Napoleon as Jupiter in the midst of lesser deities. Such vagaries in art are disgusting. There is a beautiful statue of Flora, or Zephyr (?) here a graceful, airy, bewitching nymph. There are fine paintings of recent battles, tapestries, &c. The ball-room is, indeed, regal glittering with numberless, crystal chandeliers, and adorned with handsome stucco work, and a gallery from which spectators may behold the festive scene beneath. The theatre, too, is very pretty, the gallery here being supported by colossal figures of the Muses and Apollo. But the rooms that interested us the most were the private apartments of the King and Queen. The walls were hung with embroidered moire-antique and satin, the dressing tables were beautifully inlaid, and everything betrayed a refined and cultivated taste. However, the floors of these Palaces are polished so highly, that it is exceedingly fatiguing to walk over them, and it is always with a feeling of relief that I receive the summons to leave. After a visit to the Bank, lunch and a little shopping in the Galeria Vittorio Emanuele, we started out again for the Brera. My favorites among the numerous paintings here were: Christ sinking beneath His Cross by Daniele Crespi; St. Cecilia after Carlo Dolce, an exquisitely tender, pathetic face; the Last Supper by Rubens, the same by Daniele Crespi, which in some respects is more natural and beautiful than Leonarda's; the Virgin standing on the serpent and crescent by Sassoferrato; Paul the Hermit by Salvator Rosa; Sts. Peter and Paul by Guido, both gray-haired men with unquenchable spirit and piercing eyes; Titian's St. Jerome; the Marriage in Cana by Paul Veronese, and several early works by Bartolommeo. One small room is devoted to Raphael's Marriage of St. Joseph and the Virgin. It is so sweet and lovely and natural, that one loves to sit before it undisturbed. Mary is a youthful blonde, timid, gentle and lovable. The figures of Joseph, priests and scribes in the back-ground serve only as a foil to this sweet, young creature. We were obliged to hurry off to see the Last Supper, as the building is closed at an early hour. It is in the refectory of a Dominican Convent attached to the church of Santa Maria della Grazie. The long, narrow, brick-paved room has been subjected to much ill usage, and is now a most desolate abode. The great painting is more defaced than any we have seen. Still, one must be very blind not to be able to see the thoroughly ideal conception, the perfect execution and the sublime treatment of this work of genius. Mrs. Jameson's description of it is almost as beautiful as the painting itself, and I can only recommend all to read it, if they wish to enjoy the picture either

in prospect or retrospect. The faces of the Saviour and St. John are *more* than the most captious critic could demand. Indeed, anyone who expresses disappointment in the great paintings only publishes his own inability to appreciate them. We finished our sight-seeing in Milan with a very charming drive. At one end of the city is the Triumphal Arch, which marks the termination of the great road across the Simplon. There are three magnificent gate-ways, and the Arch itself is of white marble ornamented with statues and reliefs, while on the top is a bronze figure of Peace in a car drawn by four horses, and at each angle are figures of Fame. In the Piazza del Duomo e della Scala there is a fine statue of Leonarda da Vinci in white marble, and below this towering figure stand artists, designers, sculptors, all looking up to their acknowledged Superior.

BAVENO, ITALY, JUNE 18th.—We have just reached this lovely, little resting-place, having left the land of railways and worldliness far behind us. Looking out on Lake Maggiore and the Simplon, the view is full of variety and diversity. Far away in the openings made by the overlapping cliffs of Italy rise the snowy peaks of the Swiss Alps. Catching the reflection of the morning sun, while all below is shrouded in mists and clouds, they look like a vision of another world. The Hotel Bellevue is one of real elegance and comfort, and it is with delight that I hail the opportunity to rest and digest some of the many new ideas and impressions gained in the past few weeks. Mr. Daziano has just received a telegram from Dr. H., announcing his safe arrival in Napoli, and the good news that Miss L. is still living. On Friday last we left Milan, rode in the cars to Como, and there took the steamer and sailed down Lake Como. It is so perfectly beautiful, that words seem useless in attempting to give an idea of it. The exquisite verdure of the Italian Alps, the little picture-book houses dotted here and there at their feet, the silvery threads of the tiny cascades as they trickle from the very summit of the mountains and fall with a "song-burst" into the placid Lake, the abrupt turnings and shapes of the giant hills — I could only ask myself, "Can *anything* be lovelier than this?" We had quite a rain during our ride, but enough sunshine to enjoy the views, and it is lovely to watch the clouds play among the mountains. On reaching Cadenabbia we found the Hotel more crowded than any we have stopped at. The visitors seemed nearly all Scotch and English people, and they are certainly the most ungainly, homely people the sun shines on. After a delicious table-d' Hôte, while wandering around, reading papers and watching the interesting people, the news of Miss L.'s extreme illness was announced. Of course all felt much depressed, and after writing and talking over Dr. H.'s departure, dispersed for the night. Next morning we took a charming drive over the mountains to Porlezza, our good friend, Mr. J., occupying a car-

riage with us three sisters, and adding greatly to the pleasure of the drive. On arriving, we took the steamer and sailed down Lake Lugano, very picturesque and romantic, but not as lovely as Como. Another fine mountain ride brought us to Varese and the Ducal Palace, now denominated the Grand Hotel. From our rooms we could look out on Lake Varese and the lovely grounds around our palatial residence. On Sunday we attended the English church within the grounds, and heard a sweet sermon from the text: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." A heavy rain in the afternoon and a cold prevented me from attending service, but my sisters went and requested the prayers of the congregation for Miss L., which were duly offered; but we discovered that the English have not our beautiful prayer "for a sick person," but simply use an additional clause in the prayer, "for all sorts and conditions of men." This morning after the rain, the view of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa and Mont Cenis was magnificent, but we were hurried off abruptly for our present destination.

On Tuesday we made an excursion to the Isles of Borromeo, in little row-boats, disembarking at the Issola Bella, for generations the palatial residence of the Princes of Borromeo, the entire island being devoted to the one palace and surrounding grounds. It is very interesting. Napoleon slept here the night before Marengo, and we saw the bed which he occupied. There are numerous paintings, but few fine ones; some pretty Roman mosaic tables, &c. The basement is curiously arranged as a grotto, ceilings, walls and floors being composed of small disjointed pebbles, white, grey and black. The different chambers are adorned with statues in white marble. Some of them hideous, and only one, of a woman lying prone, pretty. The surrounding garden is charming. Here with the snowy mountain peaks all around, grow splendid tropical plants and the vegetation of all countries. We saw the Tea tree, the Camphor, Cork, Aloes, Magnolia, beautiful Pines, Rhododendrons, &c. The air is laden with the sweet odor of the Orange and Lemon blossoms. We also visited the Issola Madre and walked through the Jardin, which is equally lovely and refreshing. On Wednesday we rose at 4.30 A. M. and sailed in the steamboat on Lake Maggiore for four hours, having breakfast on the upper deck, and passing thus into Switzerland. The scenery was glorious throughout. At Locarno we took the train and went through the St. Gotthard Tunnel which winds around the interior of the mountain just as the carriage road on the outside, so that each time the train emerges the road can be seen below. The cascades all along the road on each side are exquisite and the scenery gets wilder and wilder until Goschenen is reached.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RHONE GLACIER—IN THE ALPS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21st.—Yesterday at 2 P. M. we took the Diligence

at Goschenen to cross the Furca Pass. The scenery here from the very start is so wild and magnificent that it is utterly out of the question to attempt a description. Certainly no one who has seen it can ever forget it. The carriage road, barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, rises in turns so sharp as to be angular, and one road rises above another so that they form tiers of roads, which is entirely unlike what I expected it to be. In the gorges lie immense boulders and the sides of the mountains show the gigantic slabs cut sharply, as if by a chisel. The cascades dash and rush and roar with frightful impetuosity from the clefts of the rocks. We ladies, happening to get inside the Diligence, resolved after awhile to get out and walk. But the difficulty of stopping these great lumbering vehicles (for of course if one stops, all must,) makes this a serious matter, and after dismounting we had to run to keep up, the ascent now making itself much more perceptible. It is bewildering; the precipice seems so near and the overhanging cliffs so merciless. We had not resumed our seats long when we reached the Devil's Bridge, the scene of Suwarrow's awful victory and one of the most terrific spectacles earth affords. The chasm here is very wide and the cataract is maddening and deafening, though gloriously beautiful. The Bridge is certainly the most splendid specimen of mortal skill that I have ever seen. After riding through a tunnel cut out of the living rock we passed through Andermatt, Hospenthal and the Realp, villages of weird and mournful aspect, so strange does it seem that anyone should be content to live in these awful solitudes. After leaving these, we pushed on our way, winding up our spiral road. Finally, in the midst of fields of snow, where the air is very rarefied and the temperature intensely cold, we dismounted and the horses and vehicles were changed. Here we were told that the path had only been cut through the mountains of snow three days ago, and that we were the first tourists to go over it Not beginning to realize the danger, (such is the courage of ignorance,) we started off quite buoyantly. We soon entered between the walls of snow, and the horses pulled and plodded on heavily and with great difficulty. In the openings we saw only peak after peak covered with snow and as we ascended higher and still higher and ever upward, the impression produced by the interminable and awfully monotonous vista was terrible. At last we reached the summit of the Furcahorn and began to descend. We imagined now we were all right. But we had really now entered on the most formidable part of our undertaking, the descent being much more trying for the horses, and the ruts in the snow making the diligences rise, fall and shake terribly. At one place ours would not move, and our driver and guard getting out and climbing the snow banks, stood there and shook it out of the rut. But alas! the last carriage fell in, the wheel gave way, and its occupants were obliged to

disband it. Mr. W. who was riding with us seemed thoroughly alarmed and resolved to walk the rest of the distance, while Mr. M. and Mr. D. managed to find seats in the other two carriages. We had not gone very far before one of our horses lost his footing and turned towards the edge of the precipice. It was a horrible moment, for one more false step and we would all have been rolling down the side of the mountain. During the whole of the rest of the way we faced a violent death. The solid wall of snow on either side rendered it an absolute impossibility for us who were inside to get out; and as it grated against the carriage we realized that a lurch might have brought an avalanche down on us, while when we emerged in the clearings there was the precipice. We reached this Hotel at 10.30 P. M. shivering with cold and fright, and at the tea-table Mr. Daziano said "You must thank God for your lives to-night." Oh, that all the "perilous sweetness" of life may henceforth be shadowed by a holy fear! This morning we walked to the foot of the Rhone Glacier through great tracts of snow and the scattered stones and rocks. On arriving, we did not seem any nearer than when starting, so immense are all the proportions around. It looks like rough, crumbling marble, faintly tinted, and more like snow than ice. On the way we went through the Ice Grotto, which is exceedingly beautiful, consisting of numerous chambers of solid ice and all reflecting an exquisite light-blue tint; but this pains the eyes after a few moments and we were glad to retrace our steps.

GENEVA, JUNE 26th.—We had a long and romantic ride from the Rhone Glacier to Brieg last Thursday afternoon. The Rhone valley, with its pastures, forests and homes, is very lovely, after the bleak and barren mountains. Next morning a short railway ride brought us to Martigny, and, finding that it was impossible to get on to Chamounix, we took a carriage and went to see the Sallenche Fall and the Gorge of the Trient. The former is very beautiful, descending from an immense height in an unbroken column of pearls and diamonds against the emerald back-ground of the mountain. The latter is full of interest, being a very narrow opening in the rocks, which show in their contour just how they were torn asunder. The tiny gallery which serves as a passage on one side of the mountain almost spans the roaring cataract below, which is sixty feet deep. In one place the overhanging rock shut out the sky; this is called the dome of the church. Saturday was a gloriously beautiful day, almost perfectly cloudless. We started out at 7.30 A. M. for the Tête Noir, winding higher and higher up the mountain amid scenes of indescribable loveliness and grandeur, ravishing views of the Rhone Valley ever widening as we ascended, bounded on all sides by the green hills and the sharply defined peaks. Some of our party thought this more dangerous than our journey over the Furca Pass, as the road had been washed by severe rains and was at the

same time frightfully narrow. Our guide made us all leave the carriages several times to accommodate the horses, and he himself walked nearly all the way. At the half-way station, on the summit, we saw ever so many grand, St. Bernard dogs, one of which had saved five lives. The first view of Mont Blanc was magnificent, consisting of the snowy crest between two mountains covered with timber to their summit. Then we saw Montanvert and the wondrous Mêr-de-Glace — not the surface, but the edge and falling glacier. Chamounix was not as large a place as I expected to find, and I was impressed by the passivity of the inhabitants, and the fact that the very existence of the town is dependent on travelers. It reminded me that no great names in the annals of the world aré connected with these overpowering scenes in nature, such as Niagara and Mont Blanc. They crush the spirit. Such overwhelming might and majesty have nothing in common with man. The snow-covered range here does not appear as lofty as the bare peaks, and seems so near that it is quite impossible to realize its height; one feels more or less provoked at this. But when we were out walking at night, while day-light lingered far above as we walked in darkness, a scintillating star hung right over the white summit, and I could not but wonder, as awed by the ravishing beauty of the scene, what can be the beauty that God has prepared for us when even this cannot give a conception of it! Surely no one can look on it and not feel "This is a foretaste of Heaven." On Sunday we attended the little English church twice, and enjoyed an exquisite sun-set, the rosy glow on the snow giving a new idea of the possibilities of color. Yesterday we rode in what I call the grandest circus-wagon for fifty miles, starting at 7.15 A. M., and arriving here at 3.30 P. M. Far above the ground, for we ascended a ladder to reach our seats in the Diligence, we seemed to roll without effort of any kind over the beautifully winding road leading through the most romantic part of Savoy. It was with rapture that I turned from the awful solitudes of the mountains and found myself in a city once more. This is a very fascinating place, splendidly laid out and altogether modern. This morning we took a drive and entered a gorgeous Greek church, like a Pagoda externally, surmounted by numerous, gilded, cone-like protuberances, and internally certainly the most peculiar thing of the kind I have ever seen. Very richly and profusely decorated, the architecture reminds one of the entrance hall of a palatial, modern hotel, for it is carpeted like a parlor, and there are plain chairs and stools around the walls. The altar of white marble contains a middle door, two side doors and two panels in gilt, enclosing exquisite frescoes, a full length of the Saviour and Virgin, soft, rich and lovely. At one end of the church there is one of the loveliest Annunciations I have seen yet. Behind the altar, we were told, none but the priests go; the church proper seems very

small, but can accommodate two hundred, as the people always stand. We then went to the Cathedral of St. Pierre — Calvin's church — and the first Protestant Cathedral we have entered on the Continent. It is very ancient looking, and terribly severe in its Protestant simplicity. The stained glass of the oldest part (eleventh century) is worn and faded. We all sat in Calvin's chair, and I do not know that I have experienced any more thrilling sensations than here, for Calvin's whole history is shrouded in an awful gloom to me. I feel that he suffered the throes and travail pains for generations of our race. To comprehend his individuality is still as inaccessible to most men as would be their translation into gods. A visit to the Musical Box manufactory proved very diverting. Everything seemed to be converted into a medium for music; Venetian glass pitchers, bottles, porcelain dishes, etc; ink-stands, work-boxes, all exquisite, and a real chef d' œuvre in the form of a bisque harp in softest pink and blue played by a cherub. After shopping and looking around we returned, having seen Rousseau's Statue on the island consecrated solely to this, and the Duke of Brunswick's Monument, which is very handsome, and an exact imitation of the Scaliger monuments in Verona.

Interlaken, Switzerland, June 29th.—On Wednesday morning we started out on Lake Leman under the fairest auspices, the sun just shrouded by the faintest haze, giving to the landscape an additional charm, and exciting the imagination by all lovely suggestions. The water was tranquility itself; we could say with Byron:

> "Clear, placid Leman, thy contrasted lake
> With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
> Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

On the boat two very agreeable English people fell into conversation with me, Mrs. Guthrie and her son from Liverpool. It was difficult to comprehend how they could be mother and son, for they both looked equally old, — middle-aged — and enough alike to be twins. I found them very intelligent and pleasant. Passing Coppet, Clarens, Veray and Lausanne, all so full of literary associations and exquisitely situated, we wended our way to the grand old Castle of Chillon, the most picturesque and romantic spot on the Lake. From the steamboat we took a little row-boat and landed at its very feet. Descending into the Prison we saw the cell of the condemned, and where they were executed, the under-ground chapel, and, most interesting of all, the pillar and iron ring to which Bonivard was chained, and the name of Byron written on the pillar, which he himself has invested with so much of its interest. We also saw the chapel of the Duke of Savoy, his bed chamber, and that of the Duchess, the hole into which those who were tortured were thrown and forgotten, and other rooms. Some of the party brought away pretty, little boxes and pictures as mementoes, and others the wild flowers that clung to the rugged walls. The returning

boat brought us back to Lausanne, where we spent the night at a very elegant Hotel, and saw the sun-set on Lake Geneva, which looked like spun glass of the loveliest, silken texture. Of course, we saw the house in which Gibbon finished his great History and gave way to melancholy reflections. Yesterday we traveled from Lausanne to Fribourg, and there stopped long enough to see the famed suspension Bridges, and hear the organ, which is the finest in the world. The bridges bound lightly and gracefully from side to side of the picturesque Saarine, one of them one hundred and seventy-five feet and the other nearly three hundred feet above the stream and gorge below. All the life and scenery around present such a novel aspect that the traveler is fascinated and spell-bound. The Cathedral containing the organ is a fine specimen of the Gothic style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though additions and restorations are very evident. It contains one or two good pictures. The recital was certainly magnificent, bringing out the powers of the instrument from the "thunder of many waters" to the lowest, softest cradle-song. Walking through the town we passed a fine, old lime tree, which is said to have been planted in 1476, on the day of the battle of Morat. Another short ride brought us to Berne, and we took a carriage and went to see the bears and city sights. There are five of the former, some immense and very savage; they seem to afford an endless diversion to the people. The town is beautifully situated, and all the country around lovely. We had a good view of the Jungfrau in all its glory. The Government Building, the Cathedral, Clock Tower and old statues at the fountains in the midst of the streets, with the ancient arcades and old-fashioned houses go to make up quite an interesting place. This morning after a short railway ride we boarded a steamer on the Lake of Thun and had a most charming sail, with the Stockhorn, Niesen and Jungfrau bounding the view, lovely chalets lining the shores, and the water itself too beautiful to be described.

Neuhausen, Friday, July 6th.—The week just passed has been as delightful as it was eventful. On Saturday we made an excursion to the Grindelwald — not on my part to see the glaciers, for after the Rhone experience I took a vow never to walk to the foot of another glacier, but to see and revel in the surrounding scenery. The ride of three hours from Interlaken here is along the torrent of the Lutschine, with a magnificent view of the Wetterhorn covered with eternal snow, glimpses of the Jungfrau, the Mettenberg and the Eigher, and immediately between lofty and rugged mountains, down whose sides cascades of every size and variety stream and blow like snow-drifts. The air is so invigorating, that one is forced to rejoice in the boon of physical existence. There is a nice Hotel at the village, and while all the others went off and had the most romantic adventures, I sat in and

walked around the grounds, and saw one of the glaciers just as well as they did, and enjoyed the views much more. We returned to Interlaken by sun-down, and on Sunday attended church in an ancient Monastery, within whose wide embrace there is an English, a Catholic, a Scotch Presbyterian and a French Protestant church; and very millennial did it seem to see all the people wending their way hither on that fairest of Sabbath mornings. I can only hope all the others were as much benefited as ourselves, for we heard a very fine and helpful sermon on prayer. On Monday we made another excursion to Lauterbrunnen, the ride for a portion of the distance being the same as that to the Grindelwald. The fall of the Staubach here is a wonderful sight. The feathery spray is lightly tossed over the summit of a mountain rising nine hundred feet from the road here. Byron calls it the "tail of the pale courser in the Apocalypse," and this simile is perfect. After enjoying this to our heart's content for the time, we returned to Interlaken, took the train and rode in the upper story of these queer, Swiss cars, which one reaches by a spiral stair-case, and from which the scenery is much more enjoyable. After a short ride we took the steamboat, sailed across Lake Brienz and alighted at Giessbach. The ascent to the magnificent, new Hotel here is made in the Chemin de fer funiculaire, over a road which seems too perpendicular to permit anything of the kind. It is a very novel and charming method of traveling up a mountain. The six cascades rush down the mountain directly in front of the Hotel, while from two other sides one looks down on Lake Brienz, the pine and laurel forests cutting off the eastern view. At night the Falls were illuminated, but, with the exception of the moon-light illumination, I thought this decidedly detracted from their beauty. After this, everyone was summoned in-doors to enjoy a chamber concert. There were about six stringed instruments, the performers Germans, and the first violin a real virtuoso, so that I do not know when I have enjoyed anything so much. Next morning we sailed over to Brienz, and there took Diligences to cross the Brunig Pass. The day was perfect, the road wide and splendidly smooth, and the scenery, though not as striking as that we have hitherto enjoyed, still lovely. The Lakes Lungern, Brienz and Sarnen succeeded each other so rapidly that we were scarcely any time at all deprived of water scenery. While on the summit of the Pass we unexpectedly met acquaintances with whom we had traveled in Southern Italy, coming across in the opposite direction. Of course, there was a great deal of talking and laughing for a few moments, while all the vehicles stopped and allowed us to exchange greetings. Finally we reached Alpnacht, at the foot of Mont Pilate, and there took the steamboat and sailed on the Lake of Four Cantons, universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful in Switzerland. This reputation is due to the surrounding scen-

ery, for the water itself is less beautiful than that of any of the Lakes we have seen. Lucerne — the objective point of our sail — is the most highly favored of all the Swiss towns, and it is impossible to imagine a more thoroughly picturesque and perfect spot. On one side of the Lake rises Mount Pilatus, on the other the Rhigi, both standing boldly out of a range of hills green to the very top; while encircling them behind, and filling in the opening in front, extends the whole chain of the snow-crowned Bernese Oberland. A series of palatial hotels fronts this scene, and the variety meeting the eye from every point of view is inexhaustible. In the evening we took a walk along the broad avenue of the Quai, and saw people from all parts of the world. In such a scene one is entirely carried out of self, and it is really difficult to recall cares and responsibilities. The open-air concerts, the throngs of people, the lights, the cafés, the influences of night, the water, the dark mountains, the starry sky, all combine to bewilder and distract one. In the morning we visited the chief object of interest here — the Garden containing the colossal Lion. It is sculptured out of the living rock in alto-relievo, and is a thousand times more impressive than the usual style of monument. Executed to commemorate the noble fidelity of the Swiss Guard who refused to abandon Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at the opening of the French Revolution, it represents the dying agony of the King of beasts, still striving to protect the shield of France as he struggles with his mortal throes. There is nothing common-place around; all is wild, secluded, cut off from the world. We walked through one of the three curious, old bridges over the Reuss, in the rafters of which are set triangular paintings, representing incidents in the lives of Saints, the History of Schwytz, &c., all being from three hundred to four hundred years old. In the afternoon we sailed on Lake Lucern to ~~Lake~~ Fluelen, and enjoyed the ruined Castles and the reminders of Tell. We saw the field in which the immortal patriots met in 1307 to plan the liberation of their country; and Tell's chapel built on the ledge of rock on which Tell landed when he escaped Gessler in the Providential storm. After we left Fluelen, the sky grew black with clouds, and all were forced to go below, while the rain poured in torrents, and the clouds hid every mountain from sight. In this plight we landed at Vitznau, and made the ascent of the Rigi. The car is very much like that at Giessbach, and none of us felt the least timidity, though the hail and thunder vied with the sparks from the engine, and the unnatural mode of ascent to produce all the alarm they could. Of course, the ride is much longer than that at Giessbach, but we soon seemed to get above the clouds and look down into the unfathomable ravines, and after stopping at several stations we arrived at the Kulm. It was very cold, indeed, and, as it was rather early in the season, I expected to see only a few, shivering mortals at the din-

ner-table at 8 o'clock. What was my surprise to find at least one hundred and fifty persons, and with physiognomies indicating the various soils they had traversed ere arriving here. German students seemed to predominate, and among the long rows of men a lady appeared only now and then. Retiring with mingled hopes and fears as to the probability of sun-rise, we were all wakened just as the faint streak of the gray dawn came to dissipate the dense gloom of night by the cracked voice of the Alpine horn. Such shuffling, tramping and hurrying as we heard overhead, while we ourselves fought to complete our toilet in time! The Hotel, of course, is not on the highest point, and there is a steep walk yet to make. The people wrapped in shawls, veils and worsted things, shivering with cold, and only half-awake presented a very comical appearance, but we only had a few minutes to wait before the sun — a great, fiery ball — rose slowly and majestically from behind the mountains on our right. There were still some of the clouds of last night's storm, and the sun at this time could shed no light on the immense valley below; the seven lakes, the towns, villages and hills were wrapped in the haze of dawn, while the Bernese Alps were cold and dull. So after another nap and breakfast we went up again and found this experience a thousand times more satisfying. It is said to be the grandest view in the world. At this hour everything was flooded by the sun, now shining in its strength. The houses, churches, towers, &c., of the pretty towns skirting the shores of the Lakes, the beautiful, blue waters themselves, reflecting all the loveliness around, the meadows and cultivated fields lying in and out, the Mount Pilatus range and the dark cliffs beyond constitute *one* view; and on turning around, the innumerable peaks of snow, with their azure-hued shadows, flash and sparkle under this ardent sunshine until they almost seem to possess life, and glory in their unrivalled grandeur. We had a lovely ride down the mountain, and, after lunch at Lucerne, took the train for Zurich, and spent the night there. This morning we came on to Schaffhausen, and then drove up here to a lovely Hotel directly in front of the great Falls of the Rhine, the grandest in Europe. They are not wonderful to those who have seen Niagara, but all around is so exquisite that one feels fully compensated for coming. From my room window there is an extensive view of the Rhine winding along through beautiful fields of golden grain, the mountains beyond, the town and country houses scattered here and there, the pure white cataract falling into water of the loveliest, apple-green color imaginable. The coloring is so rich and deep, that it looks more like an Italian than a Swiss landscape.

Baden-Baden, Germany, July 9th.—On Saturday we went on to Strassburg, stopping at a railway station for our dinner, and having several memorable experiences, arriving at S. at about 6.30 o'clock.

Nothing has filled me with more astonishment and delight than this wonderful Cathedral. The one spire, that will probably always stand without the companion meant for it, has long been the highest in the world, and the entire front is so richly and magnificently sculptured, that one's breath is taken away. The arches of the three Gothic doors are covered with figures of every description, though chiefly those of ecclesiastics and monks, cut out of the solid stone, each having an individuality of its own. The color of the whole is a reddish brown, and it is so substantial, that it looks as if it might have been built in our own age. But the interior is, if anything, still more beautiful. The clustered pillars, like those of Milan, are adorned with statues, but these are more numerous and striking here than elsewhere. The most interesting are portrait statues of Erwin von Steinbach and his daughter, Sabina, the great names identified with this mighty structure. The sun was setting when we entered, and it was the hour for Confession. The golden light streamed through the glorious and immense stained-glass windows, while the few figures kneeling in the great nave were as motionless as the statues overhead, and the stately altar shrouded in twilight, with glimpses of the chapels railed off from the scrutiny of visitors rendered the tout ensemble as impressive as the most devout Catholic could desire. We saw the curious Astronomical Clock, and heard it strike the hour of 7, but I greatly preferred wandering through the Cathedral to an examination of this curiosity. It was a surprise, however, to find that it was in the interior of the church, and that its width is about as great as half its height. We drove all around Strassburg, saw the new University, which is going to be the largest in the world; the new railway Dépôt, a marble building like a Greek Temple; the old, blackened houses with sloping roofs filled with windows; the storks standing on one leg on the chimney tops, where they make their nests and live; the streets and buildings ruined by the Franco-Prussian war, and the gigantic fortifications, which enabled this doubly enthralled city to withstand her enemies so nobly. We did not reach Baden-Baden until mid-night. Yesterday being Sunday we attended the English church twice, in the morning hearing an original discourse from the text: "And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercury, because he was the chief speaker;" and at night a more helpful and practical sermon from a venerable minister who spoke without notes and fluently on St. Paul's argument, beginning: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" In our ride, night before last, and in walking to and from church, I have seen all I wish to see of this place, so penetrated and interpenetrated with pleasure-seeking and worldliness. The gambling has been suppressed for some time, but I suppose it will always be the resort of idlers and pleasure seekers, and I do not wish to be identified with them even for a moment.

HEIDELBERG, JULY 10th.—As soon as we arrived here yesterday, we drove to the beautiful old Castle, winding up the hill by a broad, fine road, reminding us of the lower Alpine Passes. This grand remnant of the Middle Ages, enables one to revive the days of feudal splendor; and one can easily imagine the princely warriors coming and going, fierce, rough and untamable, while the ladies of the household lived like Nuns, scarcely knowing that there was a world beyond their own precincts. Here entire facades still stand, without back-ground or walls, splendidly adorned with statues of knights, crusaders, &c.; Charlemagne figuring in their midst, while the many courts, halls, towers and chapels show that this is a collection of palaces rather than a single castle. One series of apartments is called the English Palace, as it was built for Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., upon her marriage with the King of Bohemia. We were shown the raised platform on which a whole ox was roasted in those days of Bacchanalian revelry, and the enormous wine cask, capable of holding 50,000 gallons, on the top of which there is now a platform, reached by quite a stairway. All this makes one devoutly thankful that this chapter in the world's history is closed forever. The gardens and terrace are the most charming portions of this ruin. Here one looks over the winding Neckar, the beautiful city lining its banks and climbing up the wooded heights, and the one or two fine residences towering above the humbler dwellings and occupying such picturesque sites as only those of artistic temperament know how to choose. It is very interesting to note the havoc made in these impregnable-looking battlements by the shells of the enemy at different times. Enormous blocks of stone lie scattered here and there, while the largest of all is poised in the air—apparently—for, in looking over the precipice, it is impossible to see how the huge mass has kept its place or to what it is attached. Heidelberg is filled with students, whose faces are scarred by the sword cuts gained in the mock duels, for which this University is so famous. There are a number of beautiful churches here, and it is altogether an extremely attractive place.

MUNICH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11th. — This has been a faultlessly beautiful day—like the early June days we have at home, and not even suggestive of summer heat. We have had a grand spell of sight-seeing, bringing back with fresh force memories of the charming days we spent in Italy. After a short walk we took carriages and drove to the Ruhmeshalle, in the Theresenwiese. This is a Portico à la Grec, looking, in fact, like an ancient temple. The arcade contains busts of celebrated Bavarians, but *the* object of interest is the colossal statue personifying Bavaria itself, for which this grand building serves as a back-ground. The statue is that of a glorious woman, in her left hand lifting a chaplet above her head and in her right hand grasping a

sword. She is clothed in a fur tunic, and at her side is a lion. En passant, is it not enough to make one a cynic to find that Glory must always be represented by a woman, when, de facto, the representation is never reciprocated? I cannot but think this irony in allegory will be righted one of these days. At all events, all men find a peculiar charm in this representation, and no artist could be persuaded to abandon it. The statue was modeled by Schwanthaler, Bavaria's greatest sculptor, and cast by Miller from cannon captured in battle, and chiefly from that taken from the Turks at Navarino. It seems that Ludwig I. was another Napoleon, and has built up this magnificent city to rival Paris in its grandeur. Indeed, in some respects it is handsomer than Paris. *All* the streets are spotlessly clean, neat and orderly, and the public buildings and statues are dispersed regularly throughout the city, while the people themselves are of a far higher grade of civilization, and the whole aspect of the place is one of prosperity and well-being. We next visited the Residenz, or Royal Palace. It is divided into three parts—the old and the new and the Festbau. In the Imperial apartments we saw the Audience Hall, adorned with twelve dark portraits of Roman emperors, by Titian; the bed-chamber in which the curtains of gold brocade are valued at £80,000, and are, I think, almost painfully ugly. The brocade is so extremely heavy and the gilt so tarnished. The Mirror Room is quite curious — the walls are lined with mirrors and the sides of these ornamented with little porcelain vases, pitchers, jugs, &c., producing the effect of a child's play-house. The miniature room contains many interesting little paintings all richly framed, but the crowd was so great that it was impossible to examine them. In the Neue Residenz we went through the Entrance Hall and the Halls of Marriage, Treason, Vengeance and Lamentation, so called because they are frescoed by Schnorr with episodes from the Niebelungenlied. It is so long since I have read or studied about this wierd old poem that I felt quite at sea and could not enjoy the graphic and highly colored scenes, except as the basis for future interest in the study. In the Festbau we enjoyed the apartments decorated with scenes from the "Odyssey" by Hiltensberger. The gallery of the Ball-room is supported by caryatides in coloring of light flesh tint and blue, so that they seem to be bisque and produce a very pretty effect. The Hall of Charlemagne is splendidly frescoed by Schnorr with events in the great Emperor's life. This is indeed a realization of History. Here the lovely spiritual faces of the monks and priests contrast boldly with the untamable warriors of the Age and one marvels that order could ever have been brought out of that awful moral chaos. There were panel pictures of Arno, Eginhard Alcuin, all beautifully intellectual and interesting. In the Hall of Frederic Barbarossa I enjoyed most the pictures of his arrival in Venice

and Milan, for the back grounds looked very familiar. The Throne Hall is superb, containing twelve colossal statues in bronze gilt of Princes of the House of Wittelsbach; a fine red velvet canopied throne and a gorgeous gilded ceiling. From a window of the Palace I had a good view of the equestrian statue of the Elector Maximillian I. by Thorwalsden. We then made a pilgrimage to the Pinacothek, which contains 1,300 paintings. In the entrance hall there are full length portraits of Bavarian Sovereigns—Karl Theodore, Maximillian I. by Stieler, Johann Wilhelm and Ludwig I. being interesting. In the second Hall are ecclesiastical paintings of the Cologne School with gilt background. In the third are paintings of the early part of the 16th century, among the number a beautiful Nativity. In the fourth an Albrecht Durer of a nude woman stabbing herself; many gorgeous church pictures with a brilliancy of coloring unequaled, some of these by A. Durer, Grümwald and Culmbach. In the fifth hall there are Rembrandts—Abraham sacrificing Isaac; a Holy Family, and a fine Portrait. In the sixth the most remarkable picture was an immense one representing a Company of Peasants at a Fair by Teniers; there were also a Mother and Child surrounded by a wreath of brilliant flowers by Rubens, and several fine groups of animals, wild-boar hunts, &c., by Snyders. The seventh hall of ninety-five paintings consists entirely of the works of Rubens. The originality of these takes one's breath away, and their boldness and strength strike the ordinary mind, as the works of genius always do, with nothing but astonishment. After the melting softness, the indescribable pathos and the profound emotional element of the Italian works, these seem harsh, raw, unfinished; but grandeur of conception cannot be denied them. Among the finest were the Reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines (the subject a mere pretext for filling the canvas with beautiful blonde women and Herculean men); Martyrdom of St. Laurence; Martyrdom of St. John; the Crucifixion; a Picture of Hell; a Portrait of the Artist and his first Wife; the Last Judgment (in which there are some splendid faces) a Nativity and most beautiful of all, the Descent of the Holy Ghost. In the eighth hall there was a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Rembrandt; many beautiful full-length portraits by the same. In the ninth, wonderfully brilliant works by Ghirlandajo, a beautiful John the Baptist, and Christ by Raphael, and an exquisite Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. In the tenth there were several good works by Titian and Giorgione, and some truly beautiful New Testament scenes by Perugino, between whom and Raphael there is a decided resemblance. In the eleventh, almost the entire side of the long saloon was covered with a magnificent Assumption by Cignani. The face of the Virgin is so beautiful that one could never tire of gazing into its mysterious depths; the cherubs and all the figures are lovely. At the

end of the room is an Assumption by Guido Reni which is still softer and tenderer. There were paintings by almost every great artist in this hall; a beautiful Hager and Ishmael by P. F. Mola; a striking picture of a Roman Soldier adjusting the Crown of Thorns on the Brow of Christ by Guercino. In the twelfth hall were several scenes of "Street Arabs"—wonderfully life-like, by Murillo; a St. Jerome by Ribera. In the thirteenth were landscapes by Bourguignon, Ele Morine, Claude Lorraine and Meulen. The fourteenth and fifteenth contained exquisite copies of great works by Vander Werf. In the sixteenth were several heads, landscapes and domestic scenes, by J. Vernet, Greuze and Desportes. In the seventeenth there were four interesting Venetian scenes, and a Magdalen and Madonna by Carlo Dolce—exquisitely beautiful. We now began to be hurried through these smaller halls at a terrible rate. In the eighteenth were several faded heads by Raphael, and the ninteenth consisted of the School of Cimabue. Next were two striking pictures of Picture Galleries by Teniers, and in the following small chambers, up to the number of thirty-four, were very interesting works by Rüysdael, Wouvermans, Brueghl, Vandyck, &c., &c. Leaving this famous gallery, we betook ourselves to the Glyptothek. It is most splendidly situated. Approaching, as we did, in the centre, stands a grand triumphal arch of the Doric order of architecture; on the left the National Museum, of the Corinthian order; and on the right the Glyptothek, of the Ionic. Neither of these buildings contains any windows—they are lighted by cupolas; and in the external niches of the Glyptothek there are statues of Pericles, Phidias, Vulcan, Prometheus, Adrian and Daedalus. In the pediment stands Minerva, surrounded by sculptors. Within, the chief treasures are the famous Æginetan marbles, from the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. They are much more beautiful and better preserved than I expected to find them. They are fully rounded figures, standing out on a narrow platform, to be viewed from every side: a size smaller than life, but perfect in proportions. The different attitudes afford room for every variety of expression, and it is almost impossible not to believe in the Trojan war if we believe that these works are what they claim to be. And if these were the artistic productions of a pre-historic people, there is certainly no such thing as a foundation for evolution in the intellectual life of man — while the extinction of sculpture, as an art, proves that the human form itself will never regain its pristine grandeur. There are other marvelous Greek works here, in which the sensuous element is wholly subordinated to the intellectual idea, and which makes one realize that the art of sculpture is the science of Psychology in stone. The most beautiful of all was Ceres, clothed in a flowing garment of black marble, bearing torch in hand and with a crescent on her head, gliding about to seek her lost child. The ex-

pression of her face was one of great purity and tenderness. There was a bronze Pomona, a Venus, a Mercury, a most exquisite Hermaphrodite and two graceful athletes. I did not like the Apollo with the harp. The Barberini Faun, either by Scopas or Praxiteles, is a powerful creation; and there are also two smaller fauns by Praxiteles. But fauns are not favorites with me; I never could grasp the conception of joy in pure animal existence for more than a moment at a time. There are torsos of Niobe and her sons, and three halls of magnificent frescoes from the Iliad. Briseis, the rosy-cheeked; Agamemnon, king of men; Hector of the beamy crest; the little Astyanax, and the tender Andromache; the aged Priam, the devoted Patroclus, the wrathful Achilles and the false and fickle Helen all appear in glowing colors and deathless glory. In the room of Modern Sculpture are Canova's Paris, Thorwalsden's Adonis and a Vesta copied from a Roman work. This trio in marble of such dazzling whiteness that it almost pains the eye, is one of the most beautiful in Europe. It seems to me a great pity that the grandest works cannot always be exhibited by twos or threes and not crowded together to such an extent as to obliterate their individual merit. Leaving this ever-memorable spot we allowed ourselves to be persuaded into visiting an International Art Exposition. It would have been amusing, if it had not been so provoking. There were, however, a few fine works. In the entrance hall there was a group in white marble of Hector, Andromache and Astyanax so beautiful that for the first time in my life the true meaning of the scene flashed on me. It represents the famous parting which Charles Kingsley makes Hypatia explain so eloquently; the symbolical meaning, being of course one that Homer never dreamed of. Of the pictures here, the Fate of the Sons of Clovis, Dawn, Hagar and Ishmael were good. The American exhibit was miserable. At the first suggestion I was ready to return to the Hotel, having been on my feet from ten in the morning to five in the afternoon.

In the Residenz we saw thirty-six Portraits of beautiful women of Bavaria. But for these we certainly should never have imagined that such a thing as a beautiful woman ever appeared in this region. But these were charming; from the unknown working-girl to the Queens and Princesses decked in pearls and royal ermine, there was not one that did not feast the eyes.

Berlin, Wednesday, July 18th. — Leaving Munich at noon, we had a long and fatiguing ride to Nuremberg, arriving at about 8.30 P. M. After a nice dinner we all walked out, and were completely carried away with this quaint, picturesque place. The wall around the city is complete, and the old Castle of the Eleventh Century, with moat fifty feet deep and the draw-bridges, is one of the most interesting

things we have seen. The old portion of the town bears the impress of many years and vicissitudes; and the twin steeples of its church and quietude remind us not a little of our own sleepy little birth-place. During our walk we were stopped by the sound of voices singing in concert, and under the window we remained transfixed for some time, listening to a choral class of men, in which one exquisite tenor soared above all the rest in strains that I can never forget. Before we returned we went in a Beer Garden for a few moments, and saw men, women and children drinking "schooners" of beer, with a zest that cannot be appreciated by an American. Next morning we made the tour: first entering the famous, old church of St. Lawrence. It is much blackened and very venerable; the white carved Pix rising from floor to ceiling is most curious, and the stained-glass windows dating from the thirteenth to the present century, and showing forth the whole story of the New Testament were among the most beautiful of any that we have seen. The carving and sculpturing on the exterior of St. Sebald's Church, some of it by Albrecht Durer, is very fine, but we had not time to go in. Albrecht Durer's house and his bronze statue in the square are the chief objects of interest. The quaint and prettily sculptured fountains in the market-place and other streets are very interesting. In St. Lawrence's here and in the Friburg and other churches, in the midst of many artistic and thoroughly ideal works there are dreadful plaster figures—of Christ, the Virgin and Saints, suspended in the nave of the church and producing a ghastly effect. It is very hard to understand this contradiction; indeed I don't know that anyone has undertaken to explain it. The ride from Nuremburg to Dresden was very long, warm and fatiguing, but when we arrived at the Victoria Hotel there was such a delicious tea spread out for us with pretty Dresden china, and such an interesting mail that in a few moments we forgot all about our fatigue. Our first expedition in Dresden was to the celebrated Green Vault—a series of apartments on the ground-floor, once hung with green tapestry. The first room contains statuettes in bronze, one of Diana and Endymion being particularly fine. In the ivory room there was a crucifix carved by Michael Angelo and several others, very beautiful. Farther on there was an elegant chimney-piece, richly adorned with marble sculpturings and mosaics. The regalia was magnificent, there being separate large cases of sapphires, rubies and diamonds. The sword-hilts were peculiarly gorgeous. The Court of the Great Mogul in miniature, in which there were numerous figures and the whole of which is composed of precious stones is one of the chief curiosities. There were so many, many little, tiny things twisted and screwed into every possible form and worth such an immense amount of money that they produced an irritating effect on me and I was glad to leave. The

Royal Gallery of Paintings deserves its name. Here we saw Carlo Dolce's St. Cecilia—a dreamy and thoroughly musical face; Titian's Tribute Money; the faces of Christ and the Pharisee in immediate proximity startle and fascinate one, both are strange and novel; Correggio's Magdalen and "Night"—one of the loveliest of all the Nativities we have seen, in which the light that beams from the Holy Child dazzles all save the young mother who gazes with rapture and adoration into the face of the infant that she calls her own. There are Italian Portraits by the Bellini brothers, Venuses after the Venetian School, the Garden of Love by Rubens, Portraits of Charles I., his wife Henrietta Maria and his three children by Vandyck, a Portrait of Rembrandt and his wife, a lovely copy of Raphael's St. Cecilia, standing among a group and looking upward for inspiration and remarkable for an entire absence of self-consciousness; a Madonna by Murillo and a number of Martyrs by Ribera. Batoni's Magdalen with golden hair, snowy shoulders and flowing light blue robe is an exceedingly attractive work. Guido's Christ crowned with thorns (the head that through prints is probably more familiar than any other Italian painting), though colorless, is one of the most expressive idealizations in the whole realm of art. Shrined in a little room apart is Holbein's wonderful Madonna. It represents the Virgin-mother holding in her arms a child whose sickness she has cured, while the grateful and adoring parents and friends kneel around her. There is a majesty, a serenity and meekness about the tender woman that makes the divine overshadow the human element, and betrays a conception of the dignity and meaning of womanhood that is truly marvelous when we consider the age in which it was formed, and gives rise to a train of thought in which all consciousness of present surroundings is lost. But, of course, the one work here that completely annihilates self-importance and takes the heart by storm is the Madonna de San Sisto — the greatest work of the greatest painter that ever lived. Poised in the clouds, the Mother and Child, conscious of a sublime and supernatural mission, are about to descend earthward to rescue and regenerate the human race. In their dark eyes, full of solemn wonder, there is a realization of the human anguish to be endured, a prophetic anticipation of the sword that is to pierce each sensitive soul. This work has never been reproduced, for the attempted copies do not convey any idea of the original. St. Sixtus, St. Barbara and the cherubs are worthy adjuncts to these central figures; indeed critics complain that St. Barbara has too great physical beauty for a saint. The St. Sebastian, by Correggio, is one of the best works here. The youthful hero — at one side of the picture with his hands bound to a tree — turns away from his fetters and beholds the succoring Virgin and Child in the centre surrounded by numerous angels and cher-

ubs, so serene, joyous and almost gay that he can smile in the midst of his martyrdom. Unlike that of Guido, here the objective consolation supersedes the interest felt in the subjective suffering. A Portrait of the Duke of Milan, by Leonardo da Vinci, is a striking impersonation of a ferocious gladiator dressed in the gaudy costume of the age as a military leader and Epicurean philosopher. On leaving the Gallery, we rushed for a few moments in the church belonging to the Palace, and saw a fine altar-piece by Raphæl Mengs—the "Ascension" in which the Divine Friend having "breathed his tender, last farewell," is rising above the clouds and beyond the gaze of His bereaved followers, and over all there is a golden glow that adds to the exalted conception and unearthly scene. After this, feeling unable to keep my eyes open, or drag one foot after the other, I declined to proceed further, and returned to the Hotel to sleep, while the others visited the Porcelain Establishment and shops. This was all I saw of Dresden, for the same evening we left for Berlin, and arrived at the Central Hotel at 10 P. M. Saturday night. Sunday was a bright, cool day, but none of the members of our party felt like attending the English church, which was quite distant. So my sisters and I started off in a carriage with a German driver, feeling the full force of the strange and thoroughly foreign surroundings. We reached Montbijon some time before the service began, and, at the sexton's suggestion, took a little walk in the Palace garden. The service was a strange one. At the end of the Venite a young man, with the face of an ideal nobleman, dressed in gray pantaloons, a short surplice and a fur-lined hood dashed down the aisle and read the first lesson, returning to the choir at the end, and ditto with the second lesson. We determined to walk back to the Hotel, as the distance had not proved so great as reported, and it was not easy to get a cab. We passed from street to street without difficulty, though we did at one time get in the midst of a military procession, and were quite elated over the achievement. In the afternoon, at my suggestion, Mr. J , A. and I started off for the American chapel. After a very long walk we arrived and found a Mission Sunday school just breaking up. A young Englishman came forward and welcomed us, and, though we found that there was no service there in the afternoon, the conversation of this young man proved more of a privilege than many sermons. He is not a minister, or preparing to be one, but a self-constituted and self-supported missionary here, and his intense earnestness and deep piety cannot but affect all who come in contact with him. On Monday morning we took the train for Potsdam, and after a pleasant ride through the magnificent superbs of Berlin reached our destination. The fine Palaces, churches, handsome bridges and statues make it a very imposing place. We directed our course towards Sans-Souci and first

entered the Picture Gallery. It is a long, narrow hall with a richly gilded ceiling adorned with high reliefs of artists' materials, &c. The paintings are all on the sensuous order and this sameness is tiresome. There were several Venuses by and after Titian, a nude portrait of Rembrandt's wife, a Garden of Love by Rubens, and a good many others not noteworthy. A Holy Family ascribed to Raphael does not appear to advantage here. In the same hall were several statues; a pretty Venus by Coustou, 1769; a Mars, a Diana and a full length of Napoleon which makes him out a very tall and muscular man. In another apartment there is a Head of Christ by Raphael for which Frederick the Great paid an almost fabulous sum. Oh, it is so sad! It shows the face that was marred more than that of any man. What possible meaning can the art of the Sixteenth Century have for an unbeliever? Oh, I should think from a purely human stand-point that a person who felt no inward response to the love of Christ would almost die of shame. I do not see how anyone can support such mortification. There were some lovely pictures in this room; little landscapes and domestic scenes full of life and good cheer. But now came the time to enter the rooms of the great and cruel man who has left such an indellible impression on his country that the whole world has agreed to rise up and call him blessed. Poor Frederick! My knowledge of his life and character is probably not drawn from the best sources, but I have always had an idea that he had almost as much of an inward as an outward history (though generally one of these is always at the expense of the other) and that he suffered more than it falls to the lot of most mortals to endure. Externally, the Palace, one story high, groans under the burden of heavy sculptures; but internally, it is simplicity itself. We saw his music-stand and music, the little old piano, the chairs worn out by his favorite dogs, his writing-table and ink-stand. The library was most interesting, lined with French books, and one of Voltaire's, lying open. There was a richly embroidered fire-screen here. We stood in the room near the couch on which he died, and saw the clock which stopped at 2.20, the moment of his death; also went through the Queen's apartments and Voltairs's, curiously and grotesquely adorned with arabesque caricatures. The Gardens around are beautifully laid out and ornamented with marble statues copied from the finest works. The old wind-mill is an object of great interest and the new one vouches for the truth of the romantic story that he fell in love with the Miller's daughter and sought to pacify the old man with this present. We then rode to the Garrison Church. It has a very substantial and odd appearance. The pulpit is set in the wall in about the middle of the church and is decked with flags taken from the Austrians, Danes and French. Beneath it is a door and this is the entrance to a tiny vault, in which are two perfectly

plain box-like coffins containing the ashes of Frederick the Great and his father Frederick William I. I stood where Napoleon stood and mused over the vanity of all earthly greatness. The sword which once rested on his coffin was taken by him who emulated the fame of the dead hero. On returning to the station we hurriedly jumped on a train starting earlier than we intended to leave and entering the city by a different depot, and so incurred the penalty of a tremendously long walk back to the Central Hotel. Yesterday we walked out "Unter den Linden" the magnificence of which we Americans failed to apprehend, as the trees are the most miserable apologies for such objects. The equestrian statue of Frederick the Great is perfectly magnificent, especially the alto-relievo figures on the pedestal. But there are so many enormous statues, so many broad streets, colossal buildings and great squares in Berlin that a stranger must feel more or less stupefied. The people seem so phlegmatic, self satisfied and fat; so devoid of animation, melancholy or fun that they appear more like automatons than human beings. It began raining, so we went in one of the University Buildings to wait until the Royal Palace was opened. Externally, all the buildings are handsome and immense; but for the dreariness and barrenness of the interior of this it would be impossible to find an equal. Well, we ascended an inclined plane of stone to reach the Royal apartments, and at the entrance the guide bade everyone put on great, Laplander, cloth overshoes to avoid scratching the finely inlaid floors. I said it was my private opinion that they got the floors polished in this way, for the crowd was great, and in its shufflings must have produced the effect of an army of scrubbers. It was very hard work, indeed, to walk in these boats, and some time before we could get over laughing at the appearance of the people. We passed through twelve rooms, all very handsome and hung with family portraits. But, to keep up with all the Wilhelminas, Sophias, Williams and Frederick Williams is a task that I have never attempted, and consequently could not derive much edification from this tour. One room was filled with ancient gold and silver plate that was used at Coronation Banquets, and was dazzling, but from the size of the pieces one would imagine the feasters giants. The Thrones were of solid silver, and the Banqueting Hall was beautifully decorated with statues and garlands. In the Picture Gallery, I enjoyed a fine, equestrian portrait of Frederick the Great, and one of Kaiser Wilhelm, a full length portrait of Catherine II, of Russia, a handsome woman with an attractive and not altogether unfeminine smile; Queen Victoria; the Georges; Napoleon on horseback ascending the Alps; and, opposite, Blucher; a perfectly lovely portrait of the celebrated Queen Louise of Prussia, and a large picture of the Triumphant Entry of the Prussians at Versailles. The Lutheran

Chapel was very interesting. The walls are frescoed in panels, with a gild back-ground and full length figures of the most important characters of the Old and New Testaments, and the great men of the Reformation—Luther, Calvin, Beza, Knox, &c., &c. The seats were red velvet chairs and the altar pillars were of alabaster, while a cross, studded with gems, and a crucifix, appeared behind the pulpit. We passed hence to the Museum. In the square there is a bronze equestrian statue of William III. The exterior of the Museum is frescoed, and at the entrance on the sides are two magnificent bronzes—one an Amazon repelling the attack of a panther, by Kiss, and the other a warrior struggling with a lion. There are fine white marble statues of eminent sculptors in the Colonade. Within the collection of sculpture consists chiefly of casts, well arranged and of some merit as casts; but they could have but a second-class interest for us who have seen the great works themselves. Among the marbles were a small figure of John the Baptist, by Michael Angelo, and, wonder of wonders, the Hera of Polycletus! This glorious head, which I searched for in Naples, fully answers to the anticipations raised by its admirers, and is undoubtedly a work of the Golden Age. The Roman works were not without interest. A full-length statue of Julius Cæsar, the first we have seen, I think, and numerous busts and full-lengths of Augustus, arrested our attention. In the afternoon we drove through the city and saw the palace in which Bismarck lives. It is the plainest in the square—being only two stories high and not at all imposing. The street containing the residences of the élite is very beautiful, bordering on the park with its noble avenues of forest trees and grand statues. There are beautiful white marble figures of Goethe and Schiller in the park. The Triumphal Arch, surmounted by the figure of Victory seated in a chariot drawn by four horses, is a fine work. But the feature of greatest interest and most dazzling appearance is the new column of Victory commemorating the Prussians' triumph over France in 1871. It expresses more exultation than anything of the kind we have seen. The base is sculptured in bas-relief, representing the leading features of the war, and many of the figures are portraits. This is surmounted by a gallery around a large column gloriously covered with the most brilliant Venetian mosaics, and from this rises the lofty shaft of granite, when, just as it is about to lose itself in the cloudless sky, the golden figure of a woman, poised on one foot, as if flying through the air, bearing the triumphal wreath of victory, startles, dazzles and fascinates the gaze of all beholders. Last night, hearing that Wachtel was creating quite a sensation, we all determined to patronize the opera and enjoy some vocal music. All the entertainments here commence at 6.30 or 7 o'clock, in broad daylight, forming a decided item in the novelty of the event. We

wended our way to Kroll's Theatre and found it very pretty indeed and very unlike anything of the kind in our own country. It is a small hall decorated in blue, white and gilt and square in form, the seats rising at some distance above each other. The Opera was the Postilion of Lonjumeau with very little acting and a great deal of singing. Wachtel, well supported, sang with much feeling. One of Abt's loveliest songs was introduced and altogether we enjoyed the performance thoroughly. At the end of each act nearly the whole audience left and went to promenade and drink beer in the adjoining Garden. Upon the conclusion of the play we, too, wondered for a little while in these brilliantly lighted walks. Lights sprang from translucent lilies, tulips, roses, grapes and every conceivable shape and variety of ornamental work.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, July 19th.—We spent last night in Leipsic, but, as our courier told us, "this is a lost place; people sleep hardly here." So, after a very little shopping in the morning, we sped on our way. This journey was exceedingly interesting. We passed through Weimar, the Athens of Germany, and a beautiful, quiet place; Erfurt, the Thuringian Forest and Eisenach, so impregnated with associations of Luther's wonderful life and influence.

This is certainly one of the most interesting of all the places that we have visited, and I think the most so of any in Germany. It retains so much of its ancient aspect, and has not been tortured into a modern city to suit the visitors from prosaic countries. We had a thoroughly delightful drive this morning; saw the grand, bronze group of the Three Inventors of Printing — Guttenberg, Schæffer and Faust — in long robes, with patient, spirituelle faces; the magnificent Bourse built by the Rothschildes; fine statues of Lessing, Gœthe and Schiller; saw the plain, little house in which Gœthe was born, rode all through the Jews' quarter, and saw what Mr. Daziano called Rothschilde's "born-house." It is in the last stages of decay, and could not in its wretched appearance present a more forcible contrast, than it does to the stately dwellings which these illustrious plutocrats have scattered over Europe; also saw the house in which Luther lived — a crooked, narrow, old building with an oriel window and a rough portrait of the Reformer on the outside, — went to the old Town Hall, but, my sister not feeling able to make the tour of it, I did not leave her. The others brought back accounts of Portraits of all the Emperors of the Germans — from Charlemagne to Francis II. In our drive we saw Frankfort's monument commemorating Prussia's victory over France. It is, if anything, a still more galling and insulting work. It represents a lion in green bronze completely crushed under a mass of shields, swords, and various weapons of war. Ah! France, thou needst not fear! none but the brave could elicit such testimonies of triumph from

conquerors. In the private dwelling of Mr. Bethman, we saw shrined among his beautiful collection of casts the famous statue of Ariadne on the Panther by Dannecker. It is placed to the very best advantage under a red sky-light, and spectators are shrouded by a heavy curtain, so that the effect of flesh tint is produced, and brings out the exquisite moulding of the limbs splendidly. The defiant woman has evidently forgotten all about Theseus, but I cannot say I like the sneer on her lovely face. The Cathedral, old churches, beautiful, new villas and parks here are all well worth seeing.

Wiesbaden, July 21st.—This morning we enjoyed another pleasant drive. This is quite a large city, though over it all is the air of a watering-place. We saw the exterior of the fine Jewish Synagogue here, and drove far into the country through a beautiful woods untouched by the hand of man. At the top of the hill, and at the turning of the road, is the house called the Hunting Palace of the Duke of Nassau. From this point the view of the Rhine, Mayence, Wiesbaden and the more remote cities on its banks, with the fields and meadows beyond, makes a very lovely picture. On our homeward way we went in the splendid Greek church, so beautifully situated on the edge of the city. It is handsomer than the one in Geneva; the entire interior is marble, chiefly white, and the sculpturing is magnificent. One side of the church is occupied by the monument of a Russian Princess — Elizabeth Michælowna — the young and lovely wife of the Duke of Nassau. It represents a beautiful, young woman in the fullness of health and strength sleeping in death, and is one of the most magnetic pieces of work I ever saw. The dreamy repose, the sweet expression and the soft contour of the whole figure are irresistibly lovely. Against the base are statues of the Apostles, and at the corners women symbolizing Faith, Hope, Charity and Immortality. The paintings here represent the angel Gabriel, St. Cecilia, the Virgin and other single figures, and the Last Supper. In a casket at one side is a picture representing Christ lying dead, in perfect serenity and calm. It is more peculiar than beautiful. This afternoon I attended the second of the open-air concerts here. The Kursäal is the finest of any that I have seen, and the music splendid. Last night there was a band of stringed instruments, but this afternoon it was a military band. The Colonades lined with brilliant shops throughout their length, are very fascinating, and the Park, bounded by handsome villas, is beautiful. Wiesbaden is more crowded with invalids than any watering-place I have ever visited. A great many seem to be English people.

Amsterdam, Tuesday, July 24.—We had a lovely Sunday in Wiesbaden, attending the English church in the morning, resting, reading and meeting a number of Americans at our Hotel in the evening Bright and early Monday morning we rode to Biebrich, and there took

the steamer on the Rhine. There was a large company on board, and and, among others, one of our former traveling companions. Of course, we participated in the general disappointment in the color of the Rhine, as it was very muddy and ugly. But the right bank is picturesque from the start. The Chateau of Johannisberg, and the islands connected with the history of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire are the first, striking objects of interest. After this the grand, old feudal strongholds follow each other in such rapid succession, that it is impossible to retain distinct recollections of each. One can easily see how they served for prisons, retreats, refuges and forts, for most of them are built on the very rock itself, which rises precipitously from the waters' edge, and all seem entirely inaccessible to the uninitiated. The ruins of the Castle of Ehrenfels, once the residence of the Archbishops of Mayence; Rheinstein, restored by Prince Frederick, of Prussia, in 1825; the ruins of Falkenberg, which still stand after a whole volume of vicissitudes; Stahleck, which was taken and retaken eight times during the Thirty Years' War; the Pfalz, so picturesquely situated on a rocky island in the middle of the river, and built by the Emperor Louis in the fourteenth century for the purpose of exacting toll from passing vessels, are only a few of the innumerable objects of interest claiming attention at first. We rejoiced over Bingen, so indissolubly associated with the period of happiest school days, and proving as "fair" as the fondest heart could wish. Soon after, we were startled by the Mouse Tower, whose curious legend we had to begin to learn then and there. History, however, tells us that it was built for a toll-house in the thirteenth century, but it is quaint enough to lend itself to the aid of any legend. Caub marks the point at which the Prussian army under Blucher crossed the Rhine in 1814. Soon after passing the beautiful Castle of Sconberg, we reached the bold rocks of the Lurlei, the legend of which has been more celebrated in music and drama than that of any other spot on the romantic river. But, the more you tell young people of the danger that there is in coquetry, the more fascinating they will think it, so I am not going to say anything about these heartless maidens. We saw the village of Goarhausen, to which is attached the tradition of a sainted monk; the extensive ruins of Rheinfels, Stolzenfels and Ehrenbreitstein, with its pontine bridge and magnificent fortifications. There are beautiful churches, Romanesque, Norman and Gothic, scattered through the numerous villages that cluster at the base of these castles. Arenfels is one of the grandest old forts, and soon after passing this we saw the mighty ruins of Rolandseck and Drachenfels, which stand on the pinnacles of masses of rocks piled up on each other, as if to invite and suggest the idea of a fortress. There is no character either in history or romance more attractive than that of Roland, and it is said that he built this castle in

view of the Convent in which his affianced bride, the beautiful Hildegarde, had taken the veil after receiving the false report of his death at Roncevaux. We stopped at Bonn, and invested it with all the interest it demands from the time of its fame as a Roman city, until it became the birth-place of Beethoven, and the seat of such a prosperous University. We appreciated the beauty of the Rhine enough to realize that it was never meant to be judged by a single, steamboat ride; but this may give an idea of the delights of a pedestrian tour, and the views obtained from the castles themselves, not a single one of which is badly situated. Then with a thorough knowledge of the many and complicated historical and traditional incidents connected with these ruins (for these form one of the most brilliant pages of Mediæval History), I should think strong, young people might start out with as glowing an anticipation of pleasure as they could get up. Before we reached Cologne we had a heavy shower, but, on arriving, this was pretty well over, and, after a refreshing table d' Hôte at the Hotel du Dom, I suggested that we should go over and receive our first impressions of the glorious, old Cathedral by twilight. The work of six hundred years is now completed, and I think it is much the finest of any that we have seen. The immense height, the unity of design — the architect never having swerved from the severe, stately, pointed arch — the flying buttresses with their intervening piers and wilderness of pinnacles produce an impression of the sublime that is unequaled by anything else in Art. The vastness, the simplicity, the glorious clustered pillars, the gorgeous windows of the interior are in perfect keeping with the exterior. All the vague and boundless aspiration of the universal, human heart is here set forth in stone, as no other medium could attempt to portray it. The fading day-light, the mystic influences of twilight, lent their charm as we walked through the lofty aisles with hushed voices, and none but solemn thoughts. With our own, intelligent, book-loving people the age for such a work has long since passed away; but it may be there are many yet who need to be taught by object-lessons of such force and dignity as this. Next morning we made a more business-like tour of the Cathedral, and discovered that it is the shrine of the Magi, who are here called the "Three Kings of Cologne;" also that the heart of Marie de Medici lies buried under, or near, the High Altar. There are colossal, painted wood statues of Christ, the Virgin and the Twelve Apostles standing on the columns encircling the choir, belonging to the fourteenth century, and the carved seats of the same period are very handsome and curious. There are pews in the nave like those of our own churches, and this seems very strange, as permanent seats are never seen in Continental churches. We then visited the church of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins. It looks as if it would fall to pieces at any moment, and the walls of the church

and the treasury, or golden chamber, are covered with the skulls and bones of the saint and her companions. There is a marble monument to the saint with recumbent effigy and Latin inscription, and this, as well as the paintings, architecture, &c., maintains the same venerable appearance. In the treasury, besides the skulls, there are casts covered with gold of some of the virgins, taken, I judge, immediately after they were slain. The relics of the saint kept in a silver case have an unmistakable, modern air, and the appearance of having been collected from various quarters. Here we were shown a broken jar, which is said to have held the water turned to wine at the Marriage in Cana. Of course, the burden of proof rests with those who attempt to dispute the truth of these astounding statements, and I confess to having left St. Ursula's in as profound a state of mystification as I ever experienced in my life. Cologne is blessed with many, queer, old churches, bearing the imprint of hundreds of years, and to each one is attached a tradition bordering on the miraculous. But the time drew near for us to leave, and, after treating ourselves to pretty bottles of the pure, genuine, Jean Maria Farina Cologne, we took our seats in the train and prepared for novel sensations as we journeyed into Holland. Our train was taken across the Rhine on a boat, and, after getting over, we were tossed about on the roughest road we have encountered yet. But the further on we pushed, the more we were diverted by the numerous windmills — which are houses and mills in one, and look like enormous mounds adorned with windows, and flanked by huge, flying spokes, — then the fertile meadows and the beautiful cattle; and, above all, the thrifty and industrious people at the stations and in the fields I call this the Ultima Thule of our wanderings, for, though we are not anything like as far away from home as we have been, the people, speaking a language which is totally incomprehensible to us, and the novel aspect of everything makes us feel that we are indeed strangers in a strange land. On our way here we passed Cleves — the home of the most fortunate of Henry VIII.'s wives — a very comfortable looking, prosperous place. As the International Exposition is now being held here, we expected some inconveniences at the Hotel, but were hardly prepared for those actually encountered. The winding stairs are the steepest, highest, narrowest that can be imagined. But our courier assures us that all the hotels here are similarly constructed (except the Amstel, which is full), and this, our long ride from the station convinced us, must be true, for nearly all the houses are so narrow as necessarily to render a stair-way excessively steep. But we have gas in our bed rooms for the first time on the Continent, and have soothed our ruffled spirits with this consolation, and the determination to go on to the Hague to-morrow night.

The Hague, Holland, July 26th.—We can do nothing but con-

gratulate ourselves upon the good taste displayed in prolonging our stay here, instead of at Amsterdam. But I must write first of my experiences in this latter city. Of course, we went to the Exposition. A pouring rain prevented any walking through the grounds, but the buildings, both small and great, seem to have been set down anywhere, and have a most unfinished, unsatisfactory appearance. The finest one of all, which will be permanent, does not approach completion, as the scaffolding and busy workmen testify. We walked through the Main Building, and stopped for some time in the Belgic department before the cases of lace and elegant court costumes (crimson velvet ball dresses and white satin morning wrappers) on which no labor seems to have been spared. The rich material, deep colors and artistic effect of these dresses attracted much attention. In the Italian department there were only such things as we had seen ad libitum in all the shop windows of Italy. France presented much the finest appearance. Our own department was so pitiful, that we could not but feel mortified, but we enjoyed the long-unknown privilege of rocking in the yellow rocking-chairs free from molestation or interruption. Our display consisted in sewing-machines, organs and chairs. In other departments there were fine pianos, upholstery, glass, &c., &c. We saw people of all nationalities except our own, and strangest of all were the peasant women of the Netherlands. They wore on their heads a closely fitting, brass cap, with queer, ringlike ornaments on the temples; this cap was covered with one of Swiss or dotted muslin, and in some cases this extraordinary head-dress was surmounted by an American hat trimmed with ribbons and feathers. We also saw the natives of Calcutta — beautifully formed, graceful men, with a tawny complexion, dark, flashing eyes and straight noses. But as soon as the rain ceased we hurried off to see the more note-worthy sights of Amsterdam. Intersected by its numerous canals many allusions to its resemblance to Venice have been made, but no two cities could be more unlike. This city is spotlessly clean, home-life seems to be rendered as attractive as possible, public enterprise is very evident in the finely paved streets, public buildings and city regulations, and there is over all an air of prosaic well-being and material prosperity; all of which is totally inapplicable to oligarchical Venice In the Museum the gems are Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and Van der Helst's Treaty of Munster. In the former the charm consists in the bright light reflected (from a lantern) here and there on the faces and costumes of a whole group of burly Dutchmen, while the darkness of midnight prevails everywhere else. The faces are frank and good, and the whole very attractive. The other picture is thoroughly realistic, as is also Rembrandt's Five Masters of the Drapers Company and their servant, and the interest centres only on the execution. Gerard Dow's Evening School is an-

other wonderful exhibition of the effects of candle-light in painting. We also visited the Royal Palace, the hereditary residence of the Kings of Holland, and now the abode of William III., the direct descendant of William the Silent. There are many traces of the reign of Louis Bonaparte still here. The walls, galleries, cornices, &c., are splendidly sculptured in white marble, and there are a number of peculiar, Dutch paintings set in the walls, and occupying the entire side of a large room; also some fine painting in imitation of statuary. The Dam, or open Square, is a very lively, busy place, and everyone here seems to be intent on something. A short, railway ride brought us on to the Hague, and to-day we have seen still more of the history and the life of this valiant people. The sun shone gloriously, and we enjoyed a fine ride through the "Bosk" — a park filled with magnificent trees, and, save for its smooth, broad roads, allowed to remain a grand piece of Nature. In the square, just before entering this, there is a splendid monument to Liberation from Spanish oppression, and portrait-statues of Orange, Egmont and Horn swearing to break the yoke. At the other end we stopped and went into the rural palace, called the House in the Wood, the home of the late Queen Sophia. It is a charming residence, in which elegance and simplicity have formed a most amicable union. Everything is dainty and fine; there are Japanese rooms — walls and furniture covered with pale, embroidered satin, chandeliers made of Dresden porcelain, &c. In one of these little rooms our hearts rejoiced over a portrait of John Lathrop Motley, the warm friend of the late Queen. In the music room hangs a lovely portrait of the young Prince of Orange, who died in Paris four years ago, before attaining manhood. But the most curious and striking room is the Ball Room, decorated at the desire of Queen Amelia by Rubens and his pupils, with scenes in the life of William the Silent. It is a circular apartment, and there is not a space devoid of painting. In the dome there is a gallery for an orchestra, and the ceiling contains a portrait of Queen Amelia herself — the fourth wife of the great Prince. The scenes in his life are represented allegorically, and very odd and eccentric this representation is. There are portraits of Ruben's two wives in one panel, Amazonian blondes of a type of beauty that is perfectly overpowering. Indeed, one's breath is completely taken away by this display of Ruben's gigantic figures — so powerful, muscular and more than human are they, while the coloring is as beautiful as it is peculiar and original. Our next visit was to the Museum, formerly the Palace of the Bentinck family. The first work which everyone rushes to see is Paul Potter's famous Bull. It would be perfectly impossible for any praise to exaggerate the merits of this wonder. The trouble is to realize that it is a painting. Rembrandt's Anatomical Lesson is considered very fine, but it is such a horribly ugly subject, I could take no pleas-

ure in looking at it. There are some fine, Italian works here — a Madonna and Child by Murillo. How perfectly unideal are all of Murillo's Madonnas! There is never an aureole about the head; none are beautiful. He just seems to say: "See how lovely are Motherhood and Childhood represented by the typical Mother and Child!" Adam and Eve by Cignani; Head of Christ and Magdalen by Carlo Dolce; Saints and Angels by Bartolommeo; portraits by Vandyke of William the Silent and his four Wives; of Maurice, Prince of Orange, the Georges and their wives, De Ruyter and a few Germans; pretty, little scenes by Gerard Dow and Vanderwerf; a very peculiar Murder of the Innocents and Vandyke's Angels heralding the Birth of Christ are among the most interesting and noticable works. In another part of the city there is a fine, bronze statue of William the Silent, and his old Palace is still standing in the square. In the afternoon we made an excursion to Scheveningen, one of the greatest sea-side resorts of Holland. The town is built on the dykes, and laid out nicely, consisting of large hotels and a fine arcade of shops. Down on the beach, in the sand of which one's feet sink and slide, there was a great many people occupying shelter chairs, which look like old-time, single-seated carriages. The people themselves were very modern and common-place, and nothing prevented imagining ourselves at one of our own sea-side resorts.

Brussels, Tuesday, July 31st.—In our journey from the Hague to Antwerp, we stopped at Rotterdam long enough to see the sights of this queer, old city. While it is very evident that the Hague is the residence of the nobility and aristocracy, it is just as clear that this is the home of the industrious working people. Everyone is busy here. The old houses built on piles, and rows of them leaning over in one direction, look as if they certainly would fall to pieces. The canals, boats of many sizes and shapes, the vegetable markets right in the thoroughfares of the open streets, the people looking from the windows of the narrow, high houses all go to make up a picture not easily forgotten. In the centre of the Groote Market is a bronze statue of Erasmus, which looks very small compared to more modern works. He wears a long, loose robe, and holds the open Bible in his hands, towards which his fine, thoughtful, rather ~~ascetic~~ *ascetic* face is turned. Opposite still stands the tiny, little house in which he was born, proving that poverty and obscurity cannot in themselves restrain true ability. After dinner in Antwerp, we started out and walked, I believe, over the whole city, seeing the beautiful statues of Rubens, Teniers and Van Dyck in the public squares, the house in which Rubens lived, and, of course, the exterior of the ancient Cathedral, overshadowing the whole city for good or evil. There is an angularity and irregularity about it that is not pleasing, though the workmanship is delicate and fine, and the spire a marvel. In the morning we had the privilege of seeing

Ruben's master-pieces in the interior The Elevation of the Cross and the Descent from the Cross give one a totally new conception of the capabilities of painting. It seems almost sacriligeous to speak of the agony portrayed in every muscle, every fibre of the Divine Sufferer. Every figure in the separate groups is wonderfully individualized, and all appeal to the strongest of human emotions. In the "Elevation" there is a Roman soldier on a splendid horse, and the whole scene is as vivid as if the painter had been any eye-witness. We were here during service and heard some beautiful violin and organ music. At another altar is kept the picture of the Head of the Dead Christ by Rubens, but this is not one of his best works in my opinion. Everything in Antwerp is Rubens. In the Museum there are two collossal busts of him — one in bronze, the other in white marble, — his chair, and, of course, many paintings by him. In the First Hall there is a Visit of the Magi, in which the grand freedom, bold execution and brilliant coloring must strike everyone. In the long, main hall there are paintings by Jordaens, Teniers, Calvart, Matsys and Van Dyck, all having a family likeness. For intense sadness and portrayal of physical agony, there are no others to compare to these Flemish paintings. One would not like to see them in private houses, they would stifle all light-heartedness, and even cheerfulness. Neither are they beautiful as works of art, for its mission is to elevate, not to harrow. But, as expressions of the depth and intensity of human feeling, I believe they are the grandest achievements of genius. In this hall there are some pretty, white marble groups; a copy of Kiss' Amazon, a young girl listening to the murmur of a sea-shell, &c. When we returned to the Hotel we found a party of thirty Americans about to accompany us to Brussels, and, upon arriving at our Hotel in this latter city, found another party of thirteen. We took possession of the entire house, and have had a very lively and delightful time together. There are a great many English residents in Brussels, and consequently a number of English churches. On Sunday we attended one of these, and, though not pleased with the conduct of the service, heard an excellent sermon. Starting out Monday morning we stopped first at the Wiertz Gallery. This was the opening of a new door into the vast realm of knowledge and beauty for me. But a glance explains why it is that Antoine Wiertz, a painter of our own age, and one of the greatest that ever lived, is never catalogued with other artists. He stands entirely alone; as much unaffected by any other artist as if no other existed. Delighting in the eccentricity of genius, I could scarcely tear myself away from these paintings. Some of them are so large that the room had to be built expressly for them. The best of all is the Triumph of the Son of God. Good and evil angels, principalities and powers, beings that in passion, purity and grandeur far exceed anything that the ordinary imagination can con-

ceive fall and rise and soar and struggle across this mighty canvas, while the light that streams on the central figure and face of Christ irradiates all who come within reach of its glorious influence. The Revolt of the Demons against the Angels is a work on the same order, and of even more gigantic proportions. The Greeks and the Trojans disputing for the body of Patroclus affords room not only for the display of titanic forms and god-like beauty, but every phase of light and shade seems to be let loose here, and mental, moral and physical energy, frenzy and frantic effort animate the wonderful beings, or plunge them in a gloom that is terrible. An Homeric Combat and Golgotha complete the number of large paintings. In the smaller works there is an entire absence of this wierd eccentricity, and on the other hand a realism that extends to the deception of the senses. The dog in his kennel is so natural, that one feels a little hesitation in going too near it. A young girl standing in a half open door is one of these works, and there are several others to be looked at through a tiny opening in the wall that completely mystify and bewilder one. The artist would not permit any of these to be framed, and, of course, their surroundings help to keep up the deception. We left this great Gallery with so many new ideas and materials for future thought and study, that the whole of life put on a new aspect of interest. A visit to one of the celebrated Lace Factories here convinced me that the Inquisition itself could not devise a more monotonous, narrowing and unendurable occupation than this The work is beautiful, but it is now made at an expense of health, sight and enjoyment of life that is frightful. Greatly to the disgust of some of the party, a few of us insisted on slipping into the Cathedral of Ste Gudule for a few moments. We felt well repaid. The painted windows are peculiarly rich, there are handsome, white marble monuments to the Dukes of Brabant, &c., and a marvelous Pulpit, carved by Verbruggen, the figures of Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise being full of expression. pathos and beauty. During our drive through the city we saw the Place Royal with its beautiful, equestrian statue of Godfrey of Bouillon; the Museum with a brilliant fresco in the pediment; the outskirts of the fine Park; the King's Palace; Chamber of Representatives and Residences of Foreign Ministers; a beautiful monument commemorating the Revolution of 1831, and the magnificent, new Bourse — of white marble, which is going to be one of the finest things in the world. This drive terminated by setting us down at the station for Waterloo, and on alighting from the cars we rode for some distance on the outside of an immense omnibus before reaching the Battle-field. A very jovial, English gentleman had told us in Antwerp, that the Panorama of Waterloo (in that city) was a thousand times better than the Field itself, and at his instigation we went, and were very much astonished and instructed by

the exhibition. From a circular gallery we stood and looked out on the complicated scene of action. For a certain distance real objects prevailed; real canon, stones, roads, grass, bushes, plaster figures clothed in the identical costumes with real bayonets, &c., plaster horses genuinely caparisoned. After this the picture took up the representation, but we could not detect just where the one faded into the other. The French and the English were rushing at each other across a dreadful ditch, the former on horseback, the latter on foot. Wellington was on horseback in the midst of his men, but much nearer the enemy than we could believe that he actually came. Napoleon was at a respectable distance, on horseback with a few of his marshals. The Prussians were in a solid body of infantry on the right in the dim distance. There was a great deal more irregular, individual fighting than I had supposed ever occurred. Well, when on the actual field we did our best to people it with these various objects, but could not succeed to my satisfaction, the country being covered with prosaic fields of corn, wheat, &c. The great object of interest here is the Lion Mount — a vast mound of earth under which lie the bodies of friends and foes, and on top of which is a grand, colossal lion of cast iron. At a little distance there is a Column to the Officers of the German Legion. The guides and the people who live here seem to be as much interested as if the battle occurred yesterday. We returned with the opinion that one visit to Waterloo would do for a life-time. After dinner we attended a musical and dramatic entertainment, but I did not like it, and withdrew as soon as possible. To-day has been the day of days for Brussels, for we visited the Hotel de Ville. It is said that there is no square in Europe which has remained unchanged through so long a period as the Grand Place. Here one can tread the very spot on which Horn and Egmont were brought out to die; and, looking around, see the very objects their eyes beheld. The Hotel de Ville is a magnificent Gothic building, covered with sculptured figures, and thoroughly in keeping with the age which it represents. Going in, we passed through the Throne Room, where were crowned Charles V., VI. and VII. It is hung with tapestries, the ceiling is handsomely painted, and there are numerous chairs and benches covered with red velvet. In the halls we saw portraits of Charles II., of Spain, with a very effeminate face; Maria Theresa on horseback; Mary of Burgundy swearing to observe the privileges of Brussels; Jean IV., Duke of Brabant, granting the rights of Burgomaster to the plebs. We went in the Banqueting Hall, in which on the eve of Waterloo there was "heard a sound of revelry by night," and found some beautifully carved wood work, in another Hall saw bright, new Mechlin Tapestry in panels of separate figures typifying the trades, arts, &c. The "Marriage Room" is a little chapel with its walls and rafters covered with Dutch and Flemish proverbs,

apothegms, &c. This visit has been one of the greatest treats throughout our entire trip.

PARIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2nd.—To be confronted by so many familiar sights, when our eyes have long grown accustomed only to the new and strange, is a delight that we cannot expatiate on enough. Having reserved our most important sight seeing for this last trip, we devoted our first day to Versailles. On the way we expected to take in Sévres, but, arriving some twenty or thirty minutes before the hours of admittance, were denied entrance, and instantly made up our minds that we could get on very well without it, having seen the grandest specimens in the Vatican, &c. The sylvan beauty of the Park of Versailles cannot be exaggerated by pen or pencil. As far as the eye can penetrate sweep the smooth, wide roads, and the lofty trees intertwining their branches form an arched covering with a perspective that reminds one of all the lyric poems most prized, compressed and embodied in visible form. We first alighted at the Grand Trianon. I was surprised to find it consist of but a single story, but the breadth quite compensates for the height, and gives space for an endless number of apartments. But these are now almost denuded of furniture, and there are but few noticable works of art. Mme. de Maintenon's coach is one of the most interesting relics. It looks like an old arm chair with a little board for the feet in front, and a glass door. There were fine paintings of herself, Louis XIV., XV. and XVI., their clocks, candelabra and statuettes. We were then ushered into the Royal Carriage House, and, though we have seen the gorgeous coaches of the Vatican, Hotel de Cluny, &c., we could not repress astonishment at these marvels of magnificence. The finest of all is that made for the coronation of Charles X. The brilliant gilding is as fresh as if just finished, and there are symbolical figures, emblems, &c., all in the same gilding, while the interior is lined with the richest, white satin. This coach was used again at the baptism of the Prince Imperial, Napoleon's coach is next in grandeur, and there was another, called the Wedding coach, that excited much admiration. There were several odd Russian sleighs here, looking but little larger than our boys' coasting sleds with a griffin or a panther emerging from the dash-board. We entered the great Palace itself by a side entrance. The Royal chapel, near at hand, was the scene of a full-dress wedding, and for a few moments we surveyed the dazzling spectacle. The ceiling, gayly painted, contrasts forcibly with the pure white of the walls, pillars and galleries, and the beauty and fashion of the city of Versailles were evidently displayed on this occasion. The music, too, was very brilliant, but it seemed as if the ceremony would never be completed, and we left them in statu quo. The magnificent Picture Gallery into which Versailles has been transformed stands without a rival. Here the whole history of France,

from the time of Dagobert, Meroveus and Clovis to Napoleon III., is unrolled in a series of the grandest, historical paintings that the world has ever seen. I will endeavor not to mention too many. The Consecration of Charles VII. at Rheims, in which Joan, in her suit of mail, and with a holy joy illuminating her wan features, is the most prominent figure, is a splendid scene. Death of Gaston de Foix at Ravenna shows all the horrors of the fierce carnage and the piteous fate of the young warrior. Of course, there are numerous pictures in which St. Louis, the good Louis XII. and the beloved Henry IV. figure. St. Louis dying on his last Crusade, outside of Jerusalem, with his faithful Joinville bending over his pallet, is a very touching and beautifully depicted scene. Louis XII. dispensing bread to the poor during a terribly severe winter, and Henry IV. before Paris were equally good. The series relating to the Crusades was very fascinating. Procession of the Crusaders around Jerusalem, Baldwin I. crowned Emperor of Constantinople, Capture of Jerusalem, Godefroy de Bouillon crossing the Bosphorus, &c., &c., were magnificent illustrations of this brilliant and romantic period. The number of halls illustrating the life of Napoleon was simply infinite, until at last it became irritating to catch sight of "Le Général Bonaparte." The most interesting of these represented Napoleon, having just been wounded in the foot, in the act of mounting his horse. His bare foot had been bandaged by the devoted people standing around, and his whole person was just as handsome as possible. The most beautiful room devoted to his apotheosis contains two immense pictures opposite each other; the one entitled the Coronation of Josephine, the other, the Army's Oath to the Emperor after the distribution of eagles in the Champ de Mars. Everyone knows what a truly queenly woman Josephine was, but her majesty, dignity and grace as she here bends her beautiful head to receive the Imperial coronet cannot be described. In the centre of the room is Vela's wonderful work — Napoleon dying — in white marble, and identical with that in the Corcoran Art Gallery. At the four corners of the room are exquisite, colossal vases of Sévres porcelaine, which were presented to Napoleon by the city of Paris. In a series of apartments, called the "Attic of the North," are treasured many veritable portraits of an inexchangable value. The faces of Petrarch, Dante, Christina of Sweeden and Mme. de Sévigné were among the most noticable. In the Gallery of Battles there is one picture before which every American must pause — the Capture of Yorktown, 1781. Washington's familiar face is a welcome sight to our strained eyes and weary brains — for it was no light task to try to recall even a small proportion of these scenes. But I will not stop longer over the long list of paintings jotted down as worthy of comment, but pass on to the Historical rooms. The little apartments of Marie Antoinette remain unchanged

since she fled on the 6th of October, 1789. They are tiny, indeed, six in number, the one opening into the other like a long, narrow hall. Our attention was called to a number of mirrors in an alcove, covering walls and ceiling. The glass in the ceiling consisted of several pieces joined together, and, looking up from a certain point, one could see his or her body bereft of its head. It is said that Marie Antoinette beholding herself headless in this way predicted that she would be decapitated. The little book cases, sofas, clocks, &c., of these rooms are very pretty, but everything is plain and simple. The Chamber of Louis XIV. has been unmolested. Here is the bed in which he died, covered with "cloth of gold," while on each side hangs a "Holy Family," the one by a Flemish, the other by an Italian painter, and below the latter a medallion in wax of Louis XIV., one of the most curious and life-like things imaginable. Le Grande Galerie, looking out on the great fountains and garden, is adorned with scenes in the life of le Grand Monarque. It was here that he had his throne, and from being the scene of voluptuous festivity, it came to be that in which King William, of Prussia, formally assumed the title of German Emperor. The wilderness of statuary here is of subordinate interest. As there are pictures, so there are statues of every great Frenchman that ever lived. Among the most remarkable are "Le Comte de Beaujolais" (a refined, noble and beautiful countenance) by Pradier; Jeanne d' Arc as a peasant girl, with a serene and lofty expression, by the Princess Marie, of Orleans; the bas-relief of Louis XIV. on horseback by Coysevox, a magnificent work, and the group of Literary Men. Among fanciful representations, Pradier's Three Graces is the most beautiful. As a general thing I can get my expectations up to a very high point, and I certainly expected a great deal of Versailles, but, as compared to the reality, my expectations were as "moon-light unto sun-light." It would take many months to make a satisfactory tour of this vast museum. On our return we passed through St. Cloud, and saw all that now remains of the grand, old Chateau. Its situation, near Mont Valérien's wooded heights and the Arcadian Seine, is one of fine effect and beauty. We have devoted nearly the whole of to-day to the Louvre. Going at once to the Salon Carré, we reveled in the glorious works here displayed to the very best advantage. Raphæl's St. Michæl vanquishing the Devil is one of the grandest. It seems that perpetual youth is inseparable from the conception of angelic strength and might, and here the dark-haired Archangel of super-human grace and beauty is in the very act of trampling on the frightful and repulsive Dragon. Here, also, is the finest Murillo that we have seen. It is called the Virgin of Seville, but consists of several figures. The sweet and perfectly natural, young Virgin holds the Infant Saviour standing on her knee, while St. Elizabeth with her own dark-eyed boy sits near, as if

holding sweet converse. Through the breaking clouds above are seen the head, shoulders and arms of the Almighty Father letting loose the pure white dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, which pauses above the head of the unconscious Child. There are works here by every great artist, many of which are duplicates or reproductions of the best Italian paintings. But in one long hall there are twenty-two large pictures by Rubens that are very unlike any others. They represent the checquered existence of Marie de Medici in Allegory. The great forms, superabundant life and colors that are peculiar to this artist fascinate and enchain every passer by. Some of the French works are very fine, especially Claude's "Ulysses restoring Chryseis to her father;" Jouvenet's Christ driving the Money-changers from the Temple, and Feast in Simon's House; Mignard's Neptune offering his wealth to France, and Poussin's Blind Men of Jericho. Besides the statues which we saw before were the Borghese Hermaphrodite, the Lycian Apollo, the Tiber, a winged Victory, Minerva with the collar, the Borghese Mars, Hercules and Telephus, the Venus of Arles, the Boy and Goose, Hygiæa and Esculapius.

Friday, August 3rd.—This has been a very busy and eventful day. We started out early this morning and drove to the Arc de l' Etoile to give those who wished it the opportunity to make the ascent. As we have had several fine views of Paris, I preferred to reserve my strength for other things. Another opportunity to enter the Madeleine was welcomed by all. We had time to notice the colossal statues of Ste. Clothilde, St. Joseph, Madonna and Child, St. Augustin, Baptism of Christ, and Betrothal of Mary and Joseph. The Palace of the Luxembourg was our next destination. The Jardin is laid out beautifully, and the exterior presents the same imposing and splendid appearance which characterizes all the public buildings of Paris. As the Senate was in session here, we could not make the tour of the Royal apartments, but wandered at leisure through the Museum of Modern Art. Among the finest paintings were: The Exiles of Tiberius — the wretchedly unhappy creatures transported by water, giving a last, long look towards their native land, — the body of St. Cecilia carried in the Catacombs; Cormon's Cain fleeing from the presence of God and man; Psyche, as an angelic, young girl, returning from the Inferno; an Oath in the first days of Rome — the fierce Confederates pledging each other in the blood of a human victim, — Virgil, Horace and Varius at the house of Macenas; Truth as a nude and lovely woman bearing a torch in her hand; Rouget Délisle singing for the first time the "Marsellaise" in the house of Dietrich, Mayor of Strassbourg; the Last Day of Corinth, one of the saddest scenes imaginable, and Rosa Bonheur's Ploughing in Winter. The collection of sculpture was a splendid illustration of the uselessness of the attempt to revive an art that is not

in keeping with our present civilization. The Gracci in bronze, two fine Victories in bronze, a Bacchante going to the Sacrifice on Mont Citheron, Mercury inventing the Caduceus and a very few others were all that gave me any pleasure. After lunch we went in the Bourse, and from the gallery looked down upon a number of men as materially transformed as any that Ulysses ever saw. Yelling, screaming and rushing around like mad-men, they appeared bereft of every spark of common-sense, not to mention dignity. Long may the slow pace of progress and the strong arm of men's selfishness spare women the mortification of seeing each other engaged in speculation and legalized gambling! A long drive followed, during which we saw the Column of July on the site of the Bastille, every vestige of which is swept from the face of the earth. The Column is crowned by a gilt figure of the Genius of Liberty. The picturesque old Gates of St. Denis and St. Martin; the Place Vendôme, with its lofty Column crowned by the short, compact figure of Napoleon; the Champs de Mars, and the Ecole Militaire; the Place Louvois, with its beautiful fountain adorned with bronze women representing the four great Rivers of France; the Fontaine de Molière, which, like those of Rome, is built up against a house, and has a grand, bronze figure of Molière sitting in a niche; the Palace of the Elysée, where President Grévy now resides; the Eight Colossal Statues of women personifying the chief cities of France which adorn the Place de la Concorde; its grand fountains; splendid gates; the six fountains of the Place d' Etoile; the Place du Nouvel Opèra, which is exactly as the pictures represent it, and the magnificent, new monument to the Glory of the Republic — all these are among the sights that make travelers pronounce Paris the finest city in the world. On arriving at Père-la-Chaise, we alighted and walked through the famous Cemetery. The tombs are like tiny altars covered over. There is no sign of a grave itself, and each of these chapel-like structures is devoted to an entire family. The coffins are lowered to a very great depth, one being placed on top of the other. There are a few handsome statues, monuments, &c.; that of Casimir Périer being the finest we saw. We were fortunate in finding the tombs of Racine, Thiers, Arago, Rossini, Talma, Cousin, La Fontaine, Eugene Scribe, Alfred de Musset, Massena, St. Cyr, Lannes, Lefébre, Kellermann, Lebrun, Pradier, Michaud, Visconti, General Foy and, of course, that of Abelard and Héloise. This last is a large, canopied tomb with the dark, stone figures lying side by side on an ample, flat slab raised but a few inches from the ground. Our last ride was to Buttes Chaumont. The feature of this wonderfully beautiful Park is an island formed of a cragy rock in the middle of a lake, the rock being sixty feet in height. On the summit is a little pavilion, called the Temple of the Sibyl, affording a fine view of the city.

Saturday, August 4th.—After a very lively and delightful shopping expedition this morning, we spent the afternoon in the Jardin des Plantes and the Bois de Boulogne. The former is very complete, but not more interesting than similar Collections in our own Country, and we were rather provoked at having spent the time in this way. But, whether in a more appreciative humor or benefited by travel, we found ourselves enthusiastic over the famous old Bois de Boulogne, and this last ride proved the pleasantest of any that we have had here.

Liverpool, Saturday, August 11th.—We have a few moments here before setting sail and I want to make some kind of a record of our week in London. We crossed the channel with a large and delightful party of Americans, and met friends again at the Midland. On Tuesday morning, after a visit to the Bank in Founder's Court we determined to walk down Cheapside and see the busy thoroughfare as pedestrians. There is indeed quite enough to be seen. One of the most striking objects is a clock modeled after that of Strassbourg, only much larger, covering the front of a good sized house. It possesses six dials showing the respective time at London, New York, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Dublin. Continuing our walk and passing near St. Paul's we could not resist the temptation to go in, and so for the fourth time stood within that simple, yet grand old Basilica. It looked almost plain after the gorgeous Churches of the Continent. We noticed a new monumental slab with bas-relief erected since our last visit. The monuments of Nelson and Sir Joshua Reynolds are the most attractive works here to me. The exterior of St. Paul's is now reduced to a state of inky blackness by the smoke and weather; but still it stands, a glorious pile and a mighty witness in the midst of one of London's busiest centres. At Ludgate Hill we took the Bus and finally arrived at the Midland. After dinner, four of us set out for Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax Works, which is universally considered one of the sights of the Metropolis. The halls were so thronged and crowded that it was almost impossible to wedge one's way around. An orchestra discoursed mediocre music, but the figures absorbed all interest. There is an endless array of notable people, past and present; all are dressed in most magnificent satin-brocades, laces and velvets and the beauty and gorgeousness of these alone would repay a visit here. In the first large hall, on a separate platform, the entire Royal Family of England are gathered together, and one cannot but enjoy this close and daring inspection of royalty. The Queen herself was evidently modeled many years ago and her age is not proportioned to that of her children, but this would be an interesting family in any circumstances. Another group consists of Henry VIII., and all his wives, Edward VI., a lovely, delicate boy, Mary, Elizabeth and others. We could not make ourselves believe that

this was a good portrait of Bloody Mary, it was so mild, good-looking and rather dreamy. Mary of Scots was perfectly beautiful, Luther, an enormous man, lifting up his hand as if preaching, Knox a very severe and gloomy creature. Marie Antoinette seated, with her two children standing by her, formed a lovely group. Louis XVI. was a stout, rubicund, farmer-like looking man. Those most gorgeously dressed were the Dukes of Cambridge, Kent and York, the Princess Charlotte, George III. and the Empress of Russia—a beautiful, attractive and thoroughly regal-looking woman. Penetrating farther we saw the camp-bed on which Napoleon died, his traveling carriage and many of his personal possessions; also the very Guillotine on which Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. were executed. I did not know before that the victim was obliged to lie down in order to be guillotined. Time fails me to recount more of the many curious things we saw here.

Wednesday was devoted to a very delightful tour of Oxford. We first made our way to Christ Church, the Cathedral of the diocese. It is one of the loveliest churches we have seen. The roof of fretted stone, the bright and beautiful painted windows, the oak pulpit, the quaint carved wood and iron work in the choir, and above all, the tomb and relics of St. Frideswide, render it just as ideal as the imagination can picture it. Here, too, is buried the Pusey family, but no new stone or slab marks the last resting place of the greatest of the name. The Library of Christ Church is very nice, and besides books, possesses quite a collection of Italian paintings, which, however valuable, have the appearance of being "left over" from other collections. In passing through Canterbury "Quad." we saw the rooms formerly occupied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold. After the German Universities, all the Colleges here look so tiny that one feels inclined to believe it is all a play. We went in the dining-room of Merton; the light wood-work and portraits make it quite attractive, but the seats at table are benches without backs, and on a little platform at the head of the room stands a lectern, evidently for instruction during meals. We went in the Chapels of Merton, Oriel, Corpus-Christi, Magdelen, All Souls and New College. There is a strong family likeness, almost every one having a magnificent reredos reaching from floor to ceiling, of a creamy white stone, and some of these have as many as thirty figures finely sculptured. Just outside of Magdalen we enjoyed seeing the avenue known as "Addison's Walk." There are grand old trees on each side, and it borders on one of the astonishingly small rivers, rendered famous by the University. The cloisters of Magdalen and All Souls are very beautiful, and the lawns here reach a point of perfection that I have never seen elsewhere. The new Examination Hall is a handsome building. It is adorned with a stair-case and several exquisite pillars of Italian marble. The halls are spacious and contain nothing but chairs

and clocks. One of them is known as the "Torture room," because it is that in which every student on entering is examined alone. The exterior of University College looks ancient enough to support any theory of its having been founded by Alfred the Great. It is quite black and worn, crumbled, broken and defaced to a serious extent. There was nothing so interesting here as the Bodlican Library and Museum. Oh, how one is carried through all the ups and downs of English History by these ancient surroundings and curious relics! Here we saw Miles Coverdale's Bible; an illustrated Bible printed by Schaeffer himself, the Latin Exercise books of Queen Elizabeth and Edward VI., with the sentences printed very neatly indeed; here also were a pair of gloves that were presented to Queen Elizabeth on some auspicuous occasion, the very old Lantern with which Guy Fawkes tried to blow up Parliament, and the signatures of Queen Victoria and the Royal family. We might have seen many more interesting things here had not exhaustion rendered us incapable of taking one more step.

On Thursday we visited the Houses of Parliament. The entrance hall is very lofty and imposing, and contains windows of fine stained glass. Ascending a few steps and making a turn we entered a corridor adorned with white marble statues of Fox, Pitt, Chatham, Burke, Somers, Selden and Mansfield. The next waiting-room is circular, and doors and corridors open on every side. Here there is a fine statue of the late Lord Russell. One of our party had a letter of introduction to an M. P.—a Mr. Kane—whose leading characteristic was that he was a warm friend and admirer of Americans. After waiting a long time he appeared and proved very genial and pleasant. Leading us through narrow corridors lined with queer old pictures, with such subjects as Alice Lisle with Charles I., Jane Lee helping Charles II. to escape, Parting of Lord and Lady Russell, Setting Out of the Pilgrims, &c., he conducted us to the Royal Hall, in which the lords assemble to await the Queen's appearance on great occasions. It contains two immense paintings—one of the Battle of Waterloo, and the subject of the other has slipped my memory. We passed through the Committee Rooms, the Dining Rooms, the Libraries, in one of which my sister recognized Mr. Bradlaugh, from a resemblance to his wax figure at Mme. Tussaud's, and finally reached the House of Lords. On entering, the gentlemen were held back in a little railed-off corner, but we ladies were taken a little further and given very comfortable seats. Everything here seems very small, compared to our spacious Capitol. The walls and ceiling of this hall are as handsome as they are described to be, but the poor Peers are obliged to sit on benches covered with some slippery stuff, and having no desks, stools, or support of any kind, they loll and fall around in the most undignified and unlordly manner possible. This same uncomfortableness, doubtless, leads them to keep

their hats on and be as ungentlemanly as they can. The barristers, in their flowing gowns and curly wigs, looked so funny that it will be very hard for us ever to associate them with anything serious. The wool-sack in the middle of the room was so covered as to be quite inconspicuous. We ladies were also allowed a glance into the House of Commons, though none of us could enter the hall itself. We were permitted to stand on the outside and look through a large pane of glass forming the side of a door. Mr. Gladstone had just left a few minutes before. The appearance of the men here was more prepossessing and interesting. On coming out, with one consent we all rushed into the Abbey for a last look; and as I have discovered that it is only those possessed of the facts and data who can find specific objects in such places, I got my sister N. (who has made a specialty of English literature) to take me at once to the most important spots. We stood on Chaucer's slab, and looked around on those of Ben Jonson, Spenser, Beaumont, Matthew Prior, Gray, Shadwell, Milton, Southey, Samuel Butler, Mrs. Pritchard, and Campbell, and in other parts saw those of Canning and Warren Hastings. The Abbey appeared far grander, graver and more fascinating than on our first visit. Stamped with the seal of a nation's love and piety, it makes one think of the words, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

Atlantic Ocean, R. M. S. "Scythia," August 16th.—This is the evening of the sixth day at sea and the very first opportunity I have had to write a line. We have had a terribly rough passage until to-day, when the sun broke through the heavy clouds, a light and propitious breeze sprang up and everyone rushed on deck as if wild with delight. There we have been lying out in our steamer chairs and drinking in the beauty of the dark-blue ocean dotted here and there with its foamy spray, and the glad bright sky, bending lovingly over it, as if shadowing forth the very perfection of reciprocal affection. We have had some nice little chats in the intervals of reading and reverie, and it has been a day to call forth heart-felt gratitude. Of course we feel this more because of the contrast presented by the previous days. We started out from Queenstown with "head" winds, and on Monday, while on deck, we could see the ship dive right down, into the sea, and as it rose again, the waves stood up like mountains. That night it grew stormier and rougher until we found that sleep was out of the question. Every movable thing in the room began to roll around; even the heavy steamer-trunk that can scarcely be coaxed to move by the appliance of severe physical strength glided from beneath one berth to the opposite one, while combs, brushes, hair-pins, books and tumblers sprang around as if possessed by evil spirits. Our stewardess informed me that I was the only lady on this floor who rose for breakfast on Tuesday morning.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22.—Last night Mr. Barker, an English manager of a theatre, his wife and their special friends, gave a very nice concert. There are a great many more English than Americans on board, and we are a very sociable company. We, ourselves, have made quite a number of friends, and among others, Sir Arthur Hobhouse, K. C. S. I., who is making his first visit to our country, and is a very wide-awake old gentleman. And now we have seen land and expect to tread our "native heath" early to-morrow morning. I do not feel that this is any more the end than the beginning of our wonderful trip, for the materials for retrospect, study and thought loom up as inexhaustible, revivifying and a perpetual delight. And I cannot understand how any American returns from the Old World with other than feelings of profound gratitude for the goodness and the grace that smiled upon the circumstances of his birth, and gave gifts, privileges and powers that never seem so grand as when contrasted with those of any other favored spot earth can afford.

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